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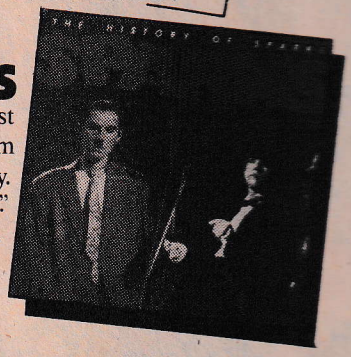
This is a very special selection from Sparks' greatest hits, from the first Bearsville LP thru *Whomp That Sucker* LP. Specially imported from France and marketed as an $8.98 list LP by Posh Boy. *The History of Sparks* features the revived hit song "When I'm With You." Also cassette.

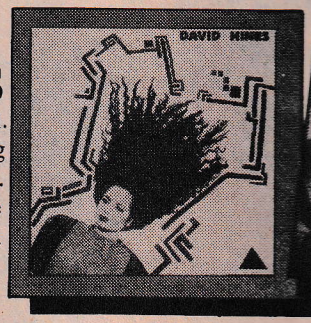


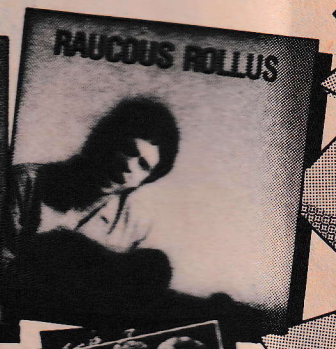
GLEAMING SPIRES

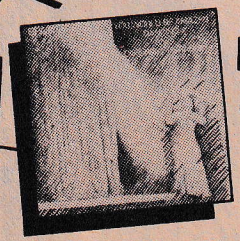
The album every teenage girl is talking about. Their brooding romanticism for the 80s brings you their hit "Are You Ready for the Sex Girls" from *Songs of the Spires*, PBS 125 (also cassette) $5.98 list. And culled from the same album, the edited upbeat version of "How to Get Girls Thru Hypnotism," PBS 14, $1.99 list single.

DAVID HINES

His *Connection Today* LP was one of the most acclaimed albums of 1981. Hines returns to the pop fray with *Raucous Rollus*, already charting throughout the country. *Connection Today,* PBS 115, $5.98 list. *Raucous Rollus,* PBS 132, $5.98 list, also includes the hit single "Who is the Romeo?" PBS 15, $1.99 list.

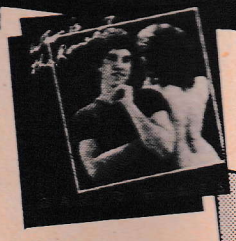






BRON AREA

From England, these teenage romantics make their debut with "You Would Be Amazed," plus two other great cuts, PBS 16, $1.99 list. Bron Area's album follows in late summer '82.



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NO. 1

CREEM

JUNE
1982

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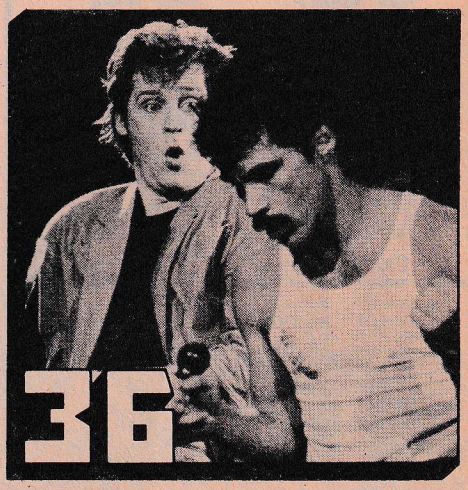

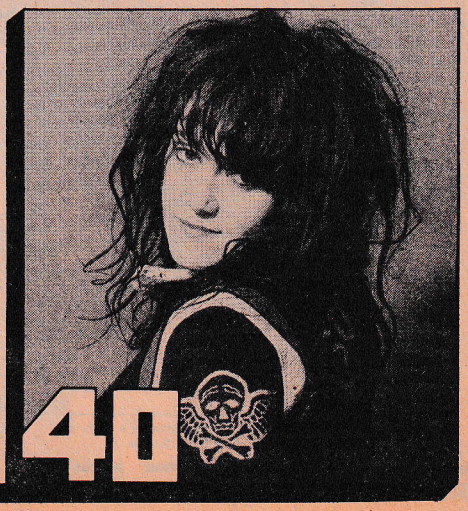

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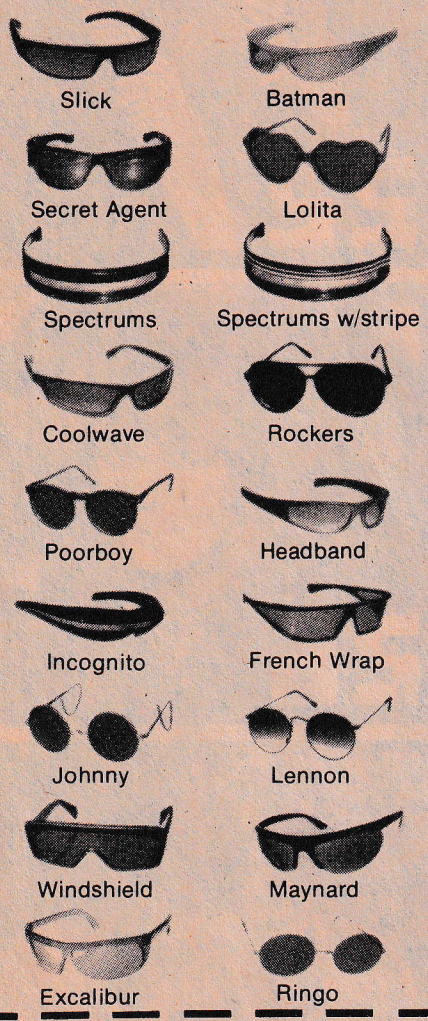

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I GOT YOU, 'BAIT

Did you know Steve Martin used to write and act in the old *Sonny & Cher Show*? I was just watching it and I noticed one of the bit players hamming it up in the background. I looked at him real close and I noticed he looked just like Steve does in those ads with the long hair and beard. When I looked at the credits at the end of the show, sure enough, there was his name.

Yours truly,
Mario Berumen
Upland, CA

P.S. Aren't you guys supposed to tell me about this trivial stuff?

Another P.S. If you did and I didn't bother to read it, never mind.

PER OMNIA, ETC...

As a Christian, I feel I must correct you, my brothers and sisters of CREEM, for a mistake you made *three* times in the April issue. You do not *refute* things of the devil, you *rebuke* them. Now you know just in case you might need it someday.

Metaphysically Yours,
St. Anne
Harrisburg, PA

P.S. Screw the Rolling Stones. How come you never put the Pope on the cover?

(*He doesn't buy ads.—Ed.*)

FORUM!!

QUESTION: Hey man, like why did Helen Keller's leg turn yellow?

ANSWER: Because like (oh, wow, man!) her dog was blind too! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!!!

Truly Somebody's Else,
Angus Van Osbourne
Millington, TN

P.S. Joan Jett is gay!!

P.P.S. By 1983, AC/DC will rule the world!

P.P.P.S. Rock 'n' roll goes like this: 1) AC/DC 2) Van Halen 3) Black Sabbath 4) Ozzy Osbourne

P.P.P.P.S. Black Sabbath is still great! But this new guy, Ronnie James Dio, sounds like he has leather lungs.

P.P.P.P.P.S. The Stones are still pretty good, but they are too old. Mick Jagger looks like my dead grandpappy!

P.P.P.P.P.P.S. "Heavy Metal" (by Sammy Hagar) was not written about Hall & Oates.

P.P.P.P.P.P.P.S. "Down On The Farm" (by Little Feat) was.

P.P.P.P.P.P.P.P.S. Heavy metal is going to take over the universe!!!!!

(*Like pretzels?—Ed.*)

MAGIC WORDS!!

Congratulations on the excellent Reader's Poll issue. Except for one missing winner (5th place for "Fashion Plate Of The Year"), I found it quite amusing. Also congrats to Rick Johnson on receiving "Rock Critic Of The Year" again. To quote *Entertainment Tonight*: "What'll they think of next?" To bad about Claudia Cauchon, Dover N.H. That's one less magazine you'll sell this year.

Millionaire Bruce Wayne
Stately Wayne Manor
Gotham City, OH

P.S. Dick Grayson is a Journey fan and is romantically linked with Catwoman.

P.P.S. Why do known smoke belchers like Molly Hatchet have three guitarists when they sound just as much like horse manure with one?

P.P.P.S. Donuts, weenies, grape slurpees and Dodge Swingers!!

(*Nope.* Malibu Classics.—*Ed.*)

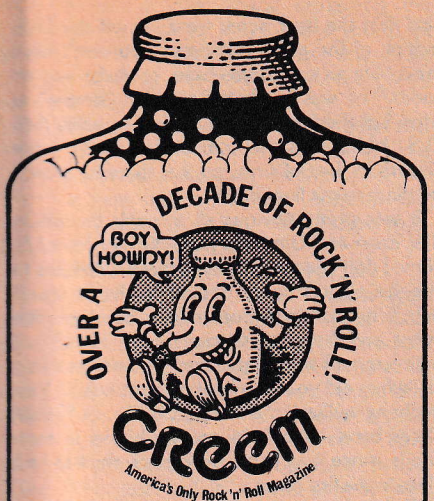
PUCK PUCK GOOSE!

YOU IDIOTS! I'VE GOT TO CONGRATULATE YOU. STOP ONCE AGAIN YOU HAVE TAKEN ONE OF THE MOST DISGUSTING CANADIAN ENTERTAINMENT GROUPS AND HELD THEM UP AS SOMETHING SPECTACULAR. STOP. JUST WHAT THE HELL DID YOU MEAN THE BEST COMEDY ON AN AMERICAN NETWORK? STOP. *SECOND CITY* SUCKS! STOP. CANADIANS GAVE UP ON IT FIVE YEARS AGO ALONG WITH SPORTSMANSHIP IN HOCKEY. STOP. WE COULD NEVER FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HOSERS WERE TRYING TO PROVE EH? STOP. OH BY THE WAY EH, IF YOU AMERICANOS THINK WE CANADIANOS SAY EH AT THE END OF EACH SENTENCE I GOT SOME GREAT SWAMPLAND FOR SALE IN THE APPALACIANS, JUST FOR YOU, EH?

BOB AND DOUG'S SISTER SALLY
MOOSONEE, ALBERTA, CALGARY AND WHEREVER ELSE THE HELL MOOSOONE SHOWS UP.

P.S. IF YOU LIKE *SCTV* SO MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ALL THEM CRUDDY ACTORS YOUR CITIZENSHIP...BUT HURRY, CAUSE I THINK WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO DUMP 'EM ON THE AUSSIES...

('*Tis better to "rebuke" than "refute."—Ed.*)



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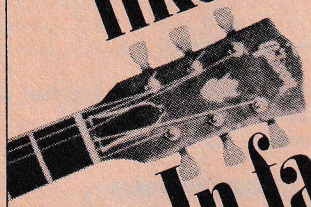

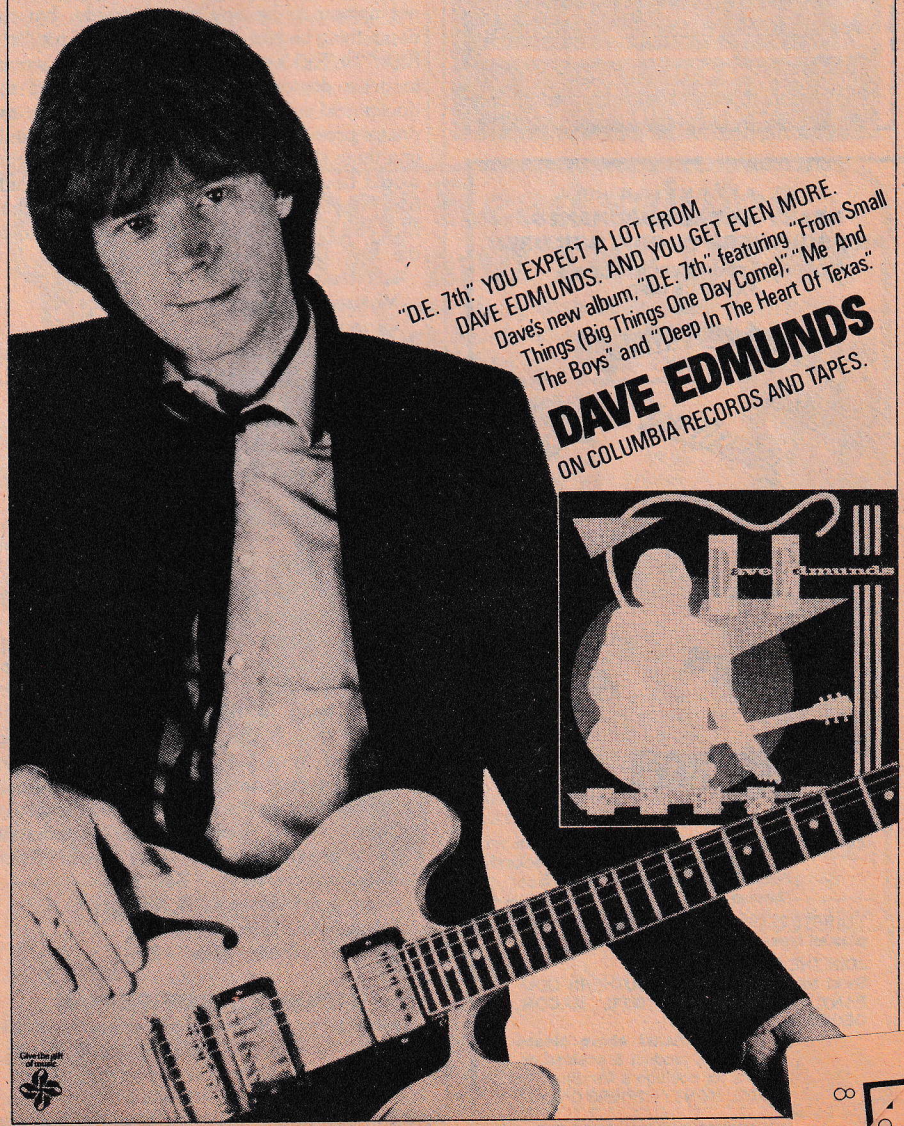

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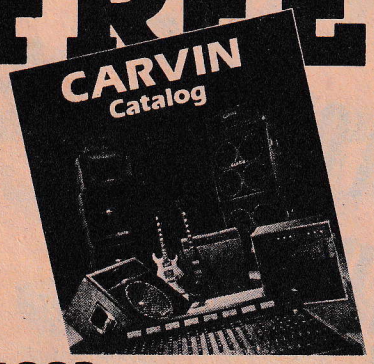

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GREEN STAMPEDE!

We, The S&S Co., think that your CREEM ROCKSHOTS were the greatest. I, S, especially enjoyed the pictures of the Rolling Stones! They are still the greatest living group! S, the other owner of the S&S Co., enjoyed the pictures of Rod Stewart. She thinks that there were too few of them. But who the hell are we to complain to the hottest magazine in the north, the south, the east, and the west? We strongly agreed that we would have cut the AC/DC pictures out! We really think that they beat the meat, along with Adam Ant, the Go-Go's and Devo.

We both love your magazine even though you sould have more pictures and stories on the Stones, Journey, Rod Stewart and Tina Turner. Give Charles some work to do.

We wish to thank you for your time. But Ed.—before we close this letter we must have an answer to this question: Who are you???!!!

Signed,
S&S Co.
The hottest chicks in town.
Rochester, MA

P.S. Who would have ever guessed that we are from a dull town named Rochester?

(Maybe "Charles"?—Ed.)

COBRAPHOBIA!

Recently Rick Johnson and his girlfriend were camping out in the wilds of Michigan when Rick realized that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake. Now, to the average CREEM reader, this would not appear to be any great tragedy, but the damn thing bit him right on the end of his "little Rick." So Rick's girlfriend set off into the woods to get a doctor. When she finally found the doctor and told him about Rick's problem, the doctor proceeded to tell her that there was only one thing she could do to save Rick's life. She would have to suck the venom out of "little Rick" or else he would die. So she went back to Rick and told him that the doctor said he would die.

E. Normous
Montreal, Quebec
Canada

P.S. "I am not an American, I am a human being."—the Elephant Man.

THAT'S AMORE!

Hi there, CREEM—

Boy, but that J. Kordosh is some kind of writer.

My best suburban idiom,
A Fan.
Lansing, MI

P.S. I find it most uncomfortably that Lili's has gone the way of Greektown and is now a hopelessly chic place for Birmingham's "younger set." Amazing how things change, no? Something's wrong when the band, if they weren't a band, wouldn't be able to get into the place. Yeah, Yeah. They have to protect themselves from the Feds or something, I'm sure, but I got the distinct feeling that the humble yet ambient bar on the corner is going the way of a freak show. "Let's go see a band in Hamtramck tonite, waddya say, Shari? Those Punkers are sorta funny." Boo. Hiss.

I want J. to interview J.D. Salinger, O.K.?

Small metal pieces.

(Your letter is meaningless. —Ed.)

I THINK, THEREFORE IMAN

I admit I'm a little slow in responding to the Spandau Ballet article (Aug. '81 issue), but as I have just gotten around to buying their album, I have only now realized when Gary Kemp said that the liner notes were left off the U.S. edition of the album because "you don't have inner sleeves on albums here, so there was no room," he was not being quite as "simple" as Iman Lababedi seemed to think. Chrysalis, their U.S. label, uses the transparent plastic inner sleeves in their albums, so that there is, in fact, no place to put liner notes.

It was pretty obvious all through the article that Iman and Gary just plain did not hit it off. Now, I don't necessarily think that a writer has to like the person he's interviewing, but it would help if he refrained from asking questions like "why are there no blacks in the band?", a pointless and stupid question, as unanswerable as "when did you stop beating your wife?" You might as well ask the Rolling Stones, or Hall & Oates band, why there are no blacks in their bands, since it all came from black rhythm and blues in the first place.

I'll have to admit that there is something snotty and obnoxious in the Spandau's attitude that makes it difficult to like them, but I defend them for two reasons: first, their song "Chant N. No. 1" makes me get up and dance more than just about any other song I've ever heard; and second, anybody who can make a video like "Paint Me Down," which is sizzling hot enough to get banned by the BBC, is okay by me!

Next time, I'll have some comments on your May '80 Pink Floyd article...

Belatedly yours,
Kodi
San Jose, CA

GREAT MINDS NEVER THINK!

I remember my younger days fairly well. I was a heavy metal fan/disco hater with no future, no past and no present. My three biggest worries were where to find drugs, how to pass English without doing work and how to grow hair like Ted Nugent's. Then came the Clash. My worries have multiplied. Now I read every book I can get my hands on, namely Orwell, Marx, Stalin, Lenin, Engels and other big names in political writings. Now I worry about my future. And the world's future. Instead of worrying how my hair looks I worry about urban blight, the spread of communism, fascism in Italy, the working class in England, the atomic bomb, nuclear waste, the Middle East, terrorism, not to mention contraceptive devices.

Ya wanna know the irony in it all? I'm *happier* now than I was before.

Thank you, Joe Strummer!

Sincerely,

Lissa "At least I don't have to worry about 'Squashed Hedgehogs' " M.
Hitsville, N.J.

P.S. I'll take the Kingston Advice...

(Joe's contributions are, of course, enormous. —Ed.)

POLICE, FLORIDA LINKED!

Just got back from seeing the Police concert. Got to say, it was FANTASTIC! Also just got done reading your COVERING THE COVERS review on "Ghost In The Machine." What a crock! Haven't you been to any of their concerts on their '82 tour yet? They played all the songs from the first side of *Ghost* and one song from the reverse side, and the crowd loved it. The Police played for almost two solid hours and the audience sang with every song that was played. They even responded by lighting matches and lighters during the songs "Invisible Sun" and "Shadows In The Rain." Just goes to show you that the *Golden Age Of Saturn* has truly arrived.

Haven't you read any of the biographies or

other reviews of the Police explaining the meanings of the songs? If not, I urge you to go and see them in concert. Sting does a marvelous job of explaining the meaning of each song before it's played.

Furthermore, I don't know of any dogs that would walk in wet cement. I should know, I'm a veterinary technician and for the five-and-a-half years I've been working at a local hospital, I've yet to see or hear of any such happenings. NOW, who is kidding whom?

OPEN LETTER TO THE POLICE:

Hey guys! If you decide to tour America again next year or the year after next and you come down to Florida, stop and play here in "good ole Ft. Myers." We have five big counties to draw from, plus we're halfway between Tampa and Miami, two BIG cities. We have a terrific, almost new civic center. If you need to have some strings pulled I'll sure help out in pulling some. (We just had a sellout concert with Foreigner, and large turnouts for J. Geils, Beach Boys, Blue Oyster Cult, and others in the past). This area is still in dire need of more cultural happenings. We the devoted followers and Sarumians await!

Ms. Daryl (yeah, a chick with a guy's name) Davis

Ft. Myers, FL

P.S. To Betty Templeton of Jacksonville, Fla. Yeah, I agrees with you about Florida. How long will we be stranded here? Will we ever be able to escape?

(Head for Cuba! —Ed.)

HOSE NO MO'S

RE: SCTV—Bob and Doug McKenzie

I think your mag is great—but to put it bluntly, I am tired of Toronto getting all the recognition for these hosers. SCTV originated in Edmonton, Alberta. They have just recently transferred the production to SCTV to Toronto as our own independent television station, ITV, could not handle the volume of work that is required for such a successful show.

For you hosers who don't know where Edmonton, is look it up on a map!

A Hoser,

Brenda Grant

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

U2, BRUTUS?

Ah...thanks much for the U2 article in the April '82 issue. IT'S ABOUT TIME. It's so refreshing to see that there's a new band around with such good attitudes. It tends to bring one's faith in, ahem, "rock 'n' roll."

Also, enjoyed the pic of Ray Davies and the overdressed old bat. SICK FACT OF THE DAY: Did you know that Chrissie Hynde has a red and white striped sweater to match the one Ray has on in the photo? Isn't that darling? Isn't that cute? Wouldn't you like to empty the contents of your stomach right now?

Finally, could you arrange for me to have an hour's time alone with Bono Vox and Dave Davies? Fun would be had. And had. And had. You guys into two-way mirrors?

In deep thought,

Bah-deh

Chicago, IL

(Your "mom" was. —Ed.)

HUNK CONTROVERSY CONTINUES!!

Do tell! Where did you find that twit Jim Farber? He calls himself a critic. When reviewing an album, Jimmy, remember one thing: Stick to the group and the album.

It's obvious that he doesn't think very highly of Journey, let alone Steve Perry, but explain to me where he gets off openly attacking Steve when he is reviewing Loverboy. Journey's *Escape* album has sold 4 million copies. (No, Steve didn't buy 2 million and myself the other 2 million.) That's 4 million people that wanted to hear, as he puts it, "an aggravated hernia." I doubt it you could find 40 people who would pay to hear him.

By the way, what did Loverboy ever do to *him?* They may not all be Robert Redfords, but they can sleep in my bed anytime. As far as Jim's concerned, stay the hell away from New York and we'll get along just fine.

It's clear that when he was born he came out backwards.

WARNING!!!!

Do me one favor, tread carefully when speaking of David Lee & Co. and Mick and the Boys, and by all means watch your step (unless you would care to have your foot where your taste is) when it comes to Rod Stewart.

Defending the honor of Steve, Mike, David Lee, Mick & Rockin' Rod. (Somebody has to do it)

Holly Lynne

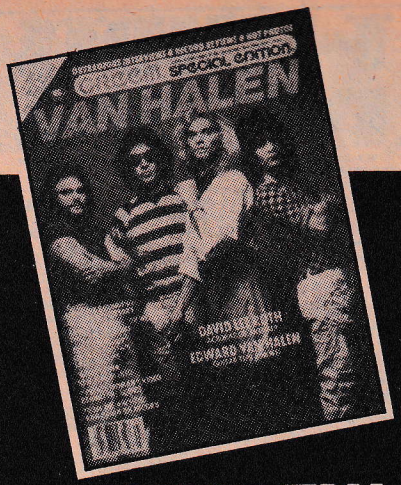
Grand Island, NY

(You zany readers! —Ed.)

STING HAS STUNG!

An amazing thing happened to me in the supermarket the other day. Not guaranteed personally, but as I walked past the magazine section I saw it. There it was, plain as the sawdust in David Lee Roth's head—a cover story on the Police. I was in shock, to say the least. Someone at CREEM has finally SEEN THE LIGHT!!!!! An absence of Police cover stories for 11 months is a little hard on the nerves.

On with the story. I paid the asking price,



VAN HALEN!

Are they sex symbols or obnoxious louts? Heavy metal kings or noisy buffoons? Whether you love 'em or hate 'em, there's no denying that Van Halen is probably the most popular band in America today. CREEM takes an in-depth look at this new American phenomenon in a very special edition dedicated to Mr. Roth, Mr. Anthony and the fearless Van Halen brothers. Including interviews with the ever-quotable David Lee Roth, a complete history of the band, Eddie Van Halen discussing guitars, a complete discography, record reviews, posters and pin-ups, it's a special treat that no Van Halen lover should be without!

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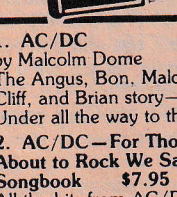
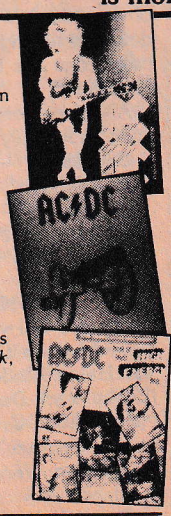


Rock Read salutes AC/DC and The Doors

Read about & play along with everyone's favorites from Rock Read, where rock 'n' roll is more than meets the ear



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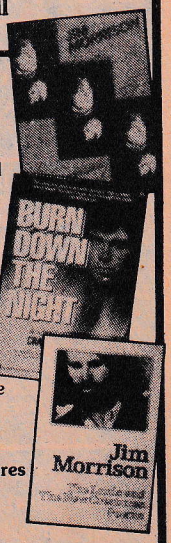

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AEROSMITH
TOYS IN THE ATTIC **W J**

TED NUGENT W J
BEATLES W J P
LENNON W J P
PAT BENATAR W J
DOORS W
UFO W
WHO W
DEF LEPPARD W
PLASMATICS 1984 TOUR **Q***
ROLLING STONES GROUP **W J**
TONGUE **W J**
81 TOUR **A* T**
BLACK SABBATH 81 TOUR **W**
HEAVEN & HELL **W J**
MOB RULE **W J**
HAND CROSS **W**
OZZY OSBOURNE BLIZZARD **W**
DIARY OF A MADMAN **W J B**
JOURNEY ESCAPE **W J**
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although I do think $1.95 is getting a little carried away. But this was an exception! Settling down to what I thought would be the usual "Sting talks while Andy and Stu make background comments" article, I began to notice a definite difference. And what's this? No profound quotes from Sting? What a relief. This could be the start of something new, people out there will begin to notice that there are three (not one) Police.

Putting it mildly, it is an absolute gratification to read what Andy has to say. Let's face it gang, without Andy, the Police just wouldn't be. "... the most vital element in the Police's sound..." AAAAHHH!!! What a great quote. Finally the Truth Hits Everybody! Thanks Chris Salewicz (Salewicz, Lababedi, JOHNSON???...where do you guys come up with these names?) Anyway, thanks Chris for saying what should have been said ages ago. Andy Summers is THE greatest guitarist ever. Period.

Well I feel better now, although I'm sure nobody cares.

Behind my Camel with the Omega Man,
Sally
Kamloops, British Columbia, Canada

P.S. I expect to see Andy on the cover when his collaboration with Fripp is released.

P.P.S. (P.S.S.?) I don't even like *back* bacon, and Molson's makes me sick!!

P.P.P.S. Loverboy isn't all they're cracked up to be. (You've been warned!)

(Perhaps Kamloops and Bad Axe could arrange a "trade."—Ed.)

ACT YOUR AGE!

I was reading your magazine the other day when I came upon Jim Farber's record review of Loverboy's *Get Lucky* album. I figured I'd see what he thought of the group. I realize, of course, that most of your writers aren't particularly kind to rock groups (nor are they particularly literate)—however, is it really necessary that they use such degrading language in their less-than-expert musical opinions? Mr. Farber, how dare you call Rush "laughable" or "boring?" Did you notice, for example, that Rush is the *only* group in your award section to place twice in a single category (top 25 albums of the year)? Well, Jim, they apparently are doing something right. Then, too, did you also notice that the best drummer award went to Neal Peart?

All things considered, Jim, the only boring thing we're really talking about is you.

Cordially,
Paul Reitano
Age 14
Philadelphia, PA
(Who is this "we"?—Ed.)

PROMISES, PROMISES

I think I will vomit indefinitely and possibly commit suicide if I see anymore of the following: Van Halen, Black Sabbath, the McKenzie twins (Bobby and Dougie), Molly Hatchet, Van Halen, AC/DC, the Go-Go's, REO Speedwagon, Journey, Foreigner, Rush, Van Halen, Van Halen, Van Halen!!!!!!!! (I do like Valerie Bertinelli).

Good God, people! Aren't you sick of such ugliness yet? (All kneel and kiss the feet of Paula C. Moe.)

What I would like to see more of, is a great, beautiful, talented man that you like to shove into tiny corners of your magazine. Yes, I'm talking about DAVID BOWIE!!!!! This man is obviously up to a lot according to your ONE paragraph of him. (Gee, we have some extra space in our mag, let's stick Dave in so we can't say we forgot about him.) He is far better than all that trash I mentioned above put together. The man is God!

I want to see articles and an interview about him, his acting/musical/artist career. And his son Zowie (how old is he now? 11?)

I would also like to see more about the following great people: Iggy Pop (I'm not talking about cute little letters about him), Adam Ant (Oh dear! Not him again?!!), the Fun Boy Three, the Kinks, Peter Wolf (is his middle name 'and the' by any chance?) and believe it ot not, the ROLLING STONES!! How can *anyone* get tired of them? Especially Bill Wyman (what a sweetie!) (I love parentheses, or have you noticed?) Two covers are not enough! MORE, MORE!!!!

I'm serious about David. I'm thinking of subscribing to this 'magazine,' why clutter up the trash can with Van Halen.

Do you take this letter into consideration when you waste good paper and ink on your next issue (God forbid!)

YOURS MAYBE,

Claudia Arnold, a "Spider From Mars" still reaching for her "Starman" in "1984" because "I Dig Everything"
Richmond, VA

P.S. Rick Johnson, I just *lo-o-oved* your article on fast foods. And it didn't mention Van Halen once!
(Johnson likes "Baby Roths" best.—Ed.)

RETURN OF THE DEATH SQUAD!

TO ALL THE "PUNKS" & "LONGHAIRS" WHO BUY THIS MAGAZINE:

I'd like to clear a few things up. (Read the following few points and see if you can guess what my hair looks like.)

1. I HATE JOURNEY! They are unquestionably the most banal, revolting, *vacuous, ego-infested, cliched* band since Grand Funk. But at least Mark Farner didn't sing like a duck. (I guess it's Henny Youngman time. Sorry, but I can't resist a cheap shot.) I heard that Stephen Ferry is going to make a porno movie based on Journey's latest concept (read: bullshit) album. It's gonna be called (are you ready?) *Duck Throat.*

2. Bob Seger is NOT a hippie, he's a fat, slimy wimp of a suburbanite (there went my chances of getting this letter printed) and so's Fred Nugent (and so's your old man!). Foreigner has just passed the point of no return and are turning into Elton John. Remember *Madman*? Twelve million session musicians. Blackmore Sabbath (thanks, Oz) are getting pretty scary (shades of *Sabbath Bloody Sabbath*), since Ronnie-James Dee-i-ee-i-o has dragged them down to the pit of eternal horror known commonly as MAINSTREAM. I think I'll cast a few runes and turn them into mindless idiots...Oops! I think somebody beat me to it. (As evinced by their recent interviews on *Rockline*. I don't think any of them is capable of speaking more than about 10 words per minute.) For a while it looked like Phil Collins was going to be the next Peter Gabriel (y'know, drummer becomes singer/writer/conceptualizer, leaves Genesis to do weird albums w/ rhythm boxes), but now that the band is apparently down to a trio, it looks like he'll just be Genesis instead. Oh, well, no great loss. And I wouldn't touch Styx with a 10-foot tone-arm.

3. I admire a lot of new wave bands (Art In America, the Raincoats, the Clash, Television, Talking Heads, Adam & the Ants, Nina Hagen,

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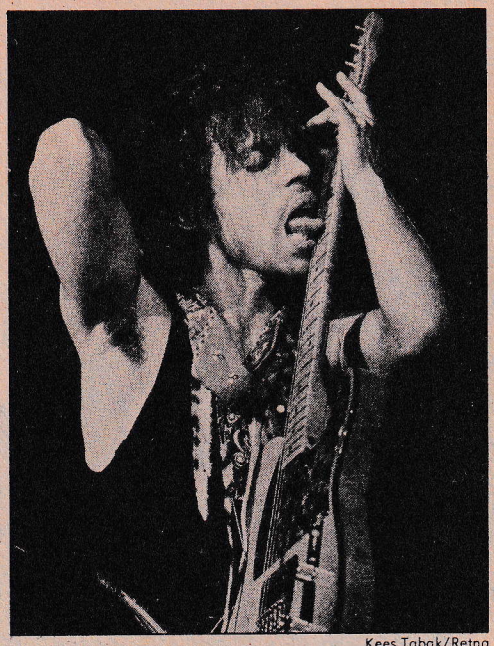
CHRISTGAU CONSUMER GUIDE



Kees Tabak/Retna

by Robert Christgau

LOU ANN BARTON: "Old Enough" (Asylum) :: She's got a fine little instrument, like a subtle Bonnie Bramlett—the drawl pure cracker, the pitch and rhythm deep blue. But what she's selling it with is tractability. For Glenn Frey she poses as a flapper in the age of *Deep Throat*, for Jerry Wexler she sings good old songs in good old Muscle Shoals. Sincerely in both cases I'm sure, which makes things worse. **C+**

THE B-52's: Mesopotamia" (Warner Bros.) :: For a while I was afraid they were going to get encrusted in their own snot, but they really are an ordinary dance band from Athens, Georgia, which turns out to be no ordinary thing. David Byrne isn't the secret, just the secret ingredient—one more semipopulist with his own bag of tricks, like fellow ingredient Ralph Carney except his bag's bigger. A "party" record that never invokes that pooped word, this six-cut mini list for $5.98, as good a deal as onion dip. **A-**

GLENN BRANCA: "The Ascension" (99) :: Okay, so this qualifies as hot "experimental" ("Serious") ("Classical") ("New") music. What we wanna know is whether it's cool rock 'n' roll ("rock"). Not by me. It's great sonically, with ringing overtones that remind me of a carillion or the Byrds, but the beat's overstated and the sense of structure (i.e. climax) mired in 19th-century corn. This can be endearing in Pete Townshend or Bruce Springsteen (maybe even opera), but it sounds weak-minded in an artist of such otherwise austere means. **B**

LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM: "Law And Order" (Asylum) :: This fluent, affluent rumination of the price of sin and the wages of success really isn't how they do it in L.A. any more, which is why I had such a hassle getting a handle on it. Moral signposts are provided by the covers: rock 'n' roll "It Was I" (love is painful), pop "September Song" (and the most precious thing there is), country "A Satisfied Mind" (so be thankful for what you've got). Now if only Lindsey didn't spend so much time flexing his archness, all this might be perceptible to the naked ear. **B+**

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: "Dare" (A&M) :: It's not flesh-and-blood chauvinism that puts me off this hookydance-synth monster. I'll boogie to the right machine; I can even imagine fucking a cyborg. But while the cyborg of my dreams would keep it light, not act too impressed with all the ticks stored in his/her memory, League spokesman comes on like three kinds of pompous jerk. The only time I light up is when Susan Solley takes her verse on "Don't You Want Me," which I recommend to Quarterflash. **B-**

ALBERTA HUNTER: "The Glory Of Alberta Hunter" (Columbia) :: It's a given that octogenarians like Sam Chatmon, Eubie Blake, even George Burns have more vitality than just about any singing war baby you care to name—they prove that by breathing. But life-begins-at-80 isn't really Hunter's secret, except insofar as it deepens her wisdom, which isn't a given at all. It's not like Bessie Smith raising her voice among us because Hunter is less titanic. But she spins her blues and gospel and pop with the spontaneous affection not just of somebody who never knew there was a difference between art and entertainment but of somebody who had the heart to leave show business and work as a nurse for 23 years. Her raunch ("You Can't Tell The Difference After Dark") is as unforced as her love of God ("Ezekiel Saw The Wheel") and her female indomitability ("I've Had Enough"), and her band plays even better than she sings. **A-**

GREGORY ISAACS: "Best Of Gregory Isaacs Volume 2" (GG) :: Jamaica's reigning crooner is what people mean when they say reggae all sounds the same. Like most great popsters, he has a genius for the disarmingly memorable ditty, but initially he makes Shoes or the Ramones sound like a veritable smorgasbord. And while James Brown is an apter analogy, Brown's rhythmic attack is just that—vocally and instrumentally, he aims to get you up on one leg doing splits, while Isaacs and his band favor the skank, the metasexual trance best described as trucking in place. Me, I think he's kind of great. Prolonged exposure to this collection of mostly recut hits—available by mail, they tell me at (212) 778-3605, from 1013 Rutland Road, Brooklyn, New York 11212—reveals his hooks at their semiglossiest, his usually romantic lyrics at their dreariest, his rhythm players at their trickiest, and his cool, droning baritone at its most plaintive and hypnotic. **A-**

GREGORY ISAACS: "More Gregory" (Mango) :: All Gregory Isaacs songs sound the same, but some of them sound more the same than others, and for a long, long time I was ready to relegate his best-distributed LP to the Land of Nod. Turns out there isn't a bad track on side one, though I don't guarantee any great ones. And don't forget side two. **B+**

MILLIE JACKSON: "Live And Outrageous" (Spring) :: Because her dirty mouth is more purely a shock effect than most pop concepts, it's sure to lose its zing for the audience even if Millie stays interested, which according to her last few studio albums she hasn't. But this de facto one-volume follow-up to 1979's live double is also a de facto best-of, claiming the pop classic "This Is It" from Kenny Loggins and the pop throwaway "Passion" from Rod Stewart as well as preserving for posterity at least one rap that makes me squirm, and I don't squirm easy. **B+**

CHAS JANKEL: Questionnaire" (A&M) :: Eight cuts designed for dancing by Ian Dury's departed keyboard genie, with Dury-penned rhymes that beat Lord Upminster's and sweetly anonymous treated vocals by the auteur. Whenever I play it I like and remember it all, whenever I don't play it I forget it, and whenever I conclude that therefore it's worth a B my conscience twitches. I suspect this that if I was dancing more these days this predicament would disappear. **B+**

NICK LOWE: "Nick The Knife" (Columbia) :: He's shed one guitar player and no hooks and as a man he's probably better for it: his cool seems more casual, his lust more committed. But the music is tossed off with what sounds like indolence rather than charm, and since Billy Bremner and Terry Williams are still on hand it would be too pat to claim he needs a real band. Hard to make that casual commitment sing, I guess. **B+**

RITA MARLEY: "Who Feels It Knows It" (Shanachie) :: The first analogy is Alice Coltrane, who also trivializes a faith her husband brought miraculously and paradoxically alive with simple-minded music, but though it's just as well Rita doesn't play the harp, Merry Clayton and Patti Austin are more to the point: beware of backup singers' solo albums, no matter how surefire the single or committed the session men. **C+**

VAN MORRISON: "Beautiful Vision" (Warner Bros.) :: After a period of transition, Van has finally achieved the eternal Kansas City—this music is purely gorgeous (or at times lovely), its pleasure all formal grace and aptness of invention. Only "Cleaning Windows," a cheerful, visionary, deeply eccentric song about class and faith and culture, stands among his great tunes. But every one of these songs makes itself felt as an individual piece of music. And every one fits into the whole. **A**

GRAM PARSONS AND THE FALLEN ANGELS: "Live 1973" (Sierra) :: I don't know why it took eight years, but after several botches on A&M here it is, a satisfying live-post-humous from the inventor of country-rock, for which he is not to blame. All five A-side songs are more forceful on *GP*, but these versions

TURN TO PAGE 64

CREEM'S PROFILES

(Pronounced "Boy Howdy!")

Ross Marino

MUDDY WATERS

HOME: Blue Heaven.

AGE: Mannish boy.

PROFESSION: Hoochie Coochie Man.

HOBBIES: Taking care of little red roosters, getting all shook up, getting about as ready as any man can be, the blues.

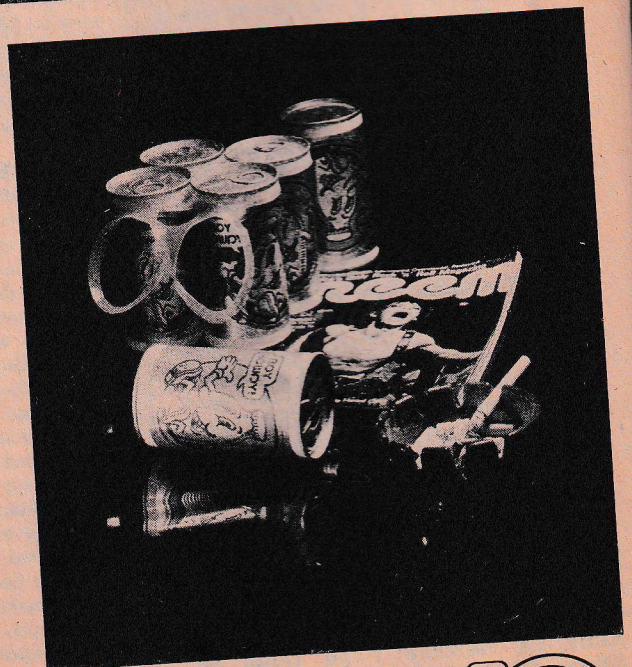
LAST BOOK READ: *Those Guys Stole My Music* by Mick Jagger & Eric Burdon.

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Writing one song that gave the world's greatest rock band its name, the world's greatest rock poet a song, and a national rock magazine its title.

QUOTE: "Got my mojo working...but it just don't work on you!"

PROFILE: Making like a rollin' stone, Muddy left his Mississippi home for the windy city and home of the blues. The rest is, as they say, musical history. Every time Jimmy Page, Eric Clapton, Johnny Winter or a host of others plug into the blues, they owe a debt to the first and the last of the great Chicago blues legends.

BEER: Boy Howdy!



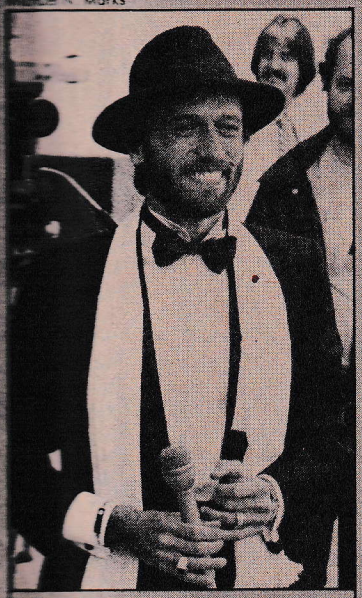
Authentic There are zillions of ways to get your name in the papers, but only one way to slake your thirst for CREEM. The quality standards we set down in the dawn of the Seventies have been on a Wild Mouse ride through the Highlands, the Lowlands, and the Barstools. Every drop's a hoot.

BOY HOWDY!

Always say "Boy Howdy!"

ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS™

Wallace N. Marks

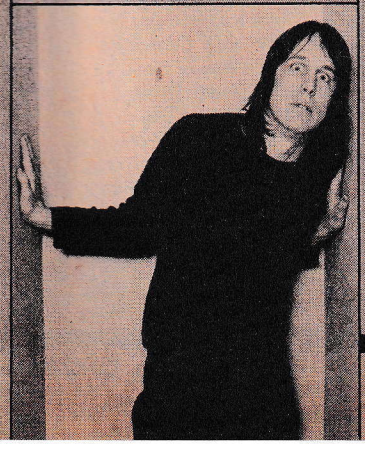


"The chick I *really* fancy is that Phoebe Tyler!" confided Maurice.

"DR. DRAKE, WHAT HAVE YOU WROUGHT?" DEPT. Following the example of **Rick Springfield** and *General Hospital*, other rock stars have decided to trade in their microphones for a sleazy love affair on the afternoon soaps. **Bee Gee Maurice Gibb** has signed to appear on two upcoming episodes of *The Guiding Light*. Maurice will portray—what else?—a pop singer, and those in the know say his role will probably be expanded beyond the initial two episodes. Even stranger is the fact that everyone's favorite crazies, the **B-52's**, are set to dance their mess around on the same afternoon show. No truth, however, to rumors that **David Byrne** will portray the title role in a soap revival of *Young Doctor Malone*, though *The Young And The Rest Homes* remains a possibility...

Todd Rundgren currently in the studio producing the next **Psychedelic Furs** LP, not so odd when one remembers that Todd has produced records for acts like the **New York Dolls** and the **Patti Smith Group**. Meanwhile, Todd's own band, **Utopia**, has left Bearsville (*Swing To The Right* is their final album for the label) to sign with Network Records, a subsidiary of Elektra/Asylum.

Gasp! It's...*Richard* Walls!!!



Scott Weiner/Retna

Fans disappointed by the relatively low output of **Blondie** this year will be happy to know that they should be holding the band's new LP in their greedy little hands sometime this month. Entitled *The Hunter*, the **Mike Chapman**-produced LP will feature a variety of different rock styles, ranging from reggae to calypso to heavy metal (so what else is new?). Also out in May is a new book by **Debbie Harry**, **Chris Stein** and **Victor Bockris** titled *Making Tracks: The Rise Of Blondie*, which they hope will "counteract" the **Lester Bangs** tome which upset the band two years ago. The group is also involving itself with "activism" (huh?), planning upcoming benefit perfomances for Vietnam veterans and New York's Guardian Angels.

Things got a little wild during a recent **Black Sabbath** concert in New Haven, Connecticut: when the show was sold out, boatloads of heavy metal fanatics were arrested, trying to crash the gate and gain admittance. Meanwhile, two more Sab devotees were also arrested on the Coliseum *roof*, drilling a hole through the ceiling to get inside. Things were just as weird inside the auditorium, where a well-wisher jumped onstage and presented bassist **Geezer Butler** with a boa constrictor. Good thing **Ozzy Osbourne** wasn't there...he might not have *eaten*...

Speaking of Ozzy, tragedy recently struck rock's wild man when his lead guitarist, **Randy Rhoads**, was killed in a plane crash in early March. Despite Ozzy's gross stage antics, many critics agreed that Rhoads was a fine guitarist with a bright future ahead. Condolences to family and friends...

Drummer **Bruce Gary** continues to be a very busy guy. In addition to his numerous activities reported here during the last several months (**Jack Bruce & Friends**, the **Knack**-evolved **Game**, lunch with **Dylan** and **Al Kooper**), Bruce has found time to record a new LP with a band calling itself the **Mix**. Other members include **Robbie Krieger** of the **Doors, Don Preston** of the original **Mothers Of Invention** and **Arthur Barrow** of **Frank Zappa**'s band. The album, due in May, is reportedly a jazz fusion with be-bop overtones.

Jonathon Postal/Retna

The gang "pool" their resources!!

JUST WHAT WE NEEDED DEPT. **Stars On 45** are all set to drive us crazy again this summer with a medley of **Rolling Stones** hits. *Yummy!!*

Bob Dylan has handed in his Christian button and has re-embraced his Jewish faith. At least for this *week*...

Haven't you guessed? I'm Elmo!!! Lynn Goldsmith

Suicide vocalist and psychobilly "star" **Alan Vega** is recording his new album at the **Cars**' Syncro Sound studio in Boston, with **Ric Ocasek** producing and the rest of the Cars backing up. In other musical couplings, **Tom Verlaine** is currently recording his third solo album at New York's Blue Rock Studio with **Mink De Ville**'s rhythm section and **Lene Lovich** on saxophone. Last but far from least, everyone's favorite nice guy **Bruce Springsteen** is supposedly writing some songs for **Donna Summer**'s forthcoming LP.

First **Patrick Simmons**, founder of the **Doobie Brothers**, left the group. And now it looks like the Doobies will be brothers no more; they've apparently split to further their solo careers. Hope there's a future in McDonald's commercials...

Mendocino meets Green River—or the Bayou meets Tex Mex—as three members of the **Sir Douglas Quintet** have joined with two former members of **Creedence Clearwater Revival** to record a new LP in San Francisco. Although it's not certain just yet, the new group—featuring **Doug Sahm**, **Augie Meyer**, **Louis Ortega**, **Stu Cook** and **Doug Clifford**—may also do some touring this summer.

Captain Beefheart on **Ronald Reagan**: "A bad actor...he saddle soaps his hair, and tosses jellybeans through rope-tricks." The good Captain recently entered Los Angeles' Amigo Studios to begin work on his forthcoming *Ice Cream For Crow*. The new **Magic Band** includes percussionist **Cliff Martinez** ("He can play every one of my rhythms from *Trout Mask Replica*!" exclaimed the Captain), previously with **Lydia Lunch** and the **Weirdos**, **Jeff Tepper** and **Gary Lucas** on guitars and **Brave Midnight Hatsize Snyder** on bass. A photo portrait of Beefheart in his native Mojave desert was just voted the most popular work in exhibition at London's famed Critical Eye Gallery, and will probably be used for the cover of the new LP.

ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS™

Actual *stamps! Honest!*

The series of commemorative postal stamps honoring the late **Bob Marley** were officially released by the Jamaican government in early March. The series will be available for a one year period, and each of the seven denominations features a different full color lithograph of Marley superimposed on sheet music. Souvenir sheets are available at a cost of $5.21 (Jamaican currency—$1.75 JA equals $1.00 U.S.), and can be purchased by writing to: Head Postmaster, Philatelic Bureau, P.O. Box 7000, Central Sorting Office, Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.

Our two favorite blubber boys, **Flo & Eddie**, recently debuted the pilot for their new one-hour television show in New York. The show is described as "a pop culture/performance/interview/zany comedy program," and it may go national if the ratings are high on the east coast. The first two shows featured interviews with **Gene Simmons** and **Paul Stanley** of **Kiss**, **Gregg Allman**, **Gary U.S. Bonds**, the new Mamas (**Mackenzie Phillips** and **Spanky McFarlane**) of the **Mamas & Papas**, performances by the **Catholic Girls** and **Twisted Sister**, a report on New York's Guardian Angels, and video reviews, the best of which received Flo & Eddie's special "Golden Hippo Award." The third segment of the show (which had yet to be aired at presstime) features an interview with our fearless Record Review/New York Editor, **Billy Altman**. The shows will also be broadcast in Los Angeles in May.

Graceland, **Elvis Presley**'s estate in Memphis, Tennessee, has always been one of the South's biggest tourist attractions. It should be an even bigger attraction now that the mansion has been bought and is being turned into an Elvis museum. It should be opened to the public by this June.

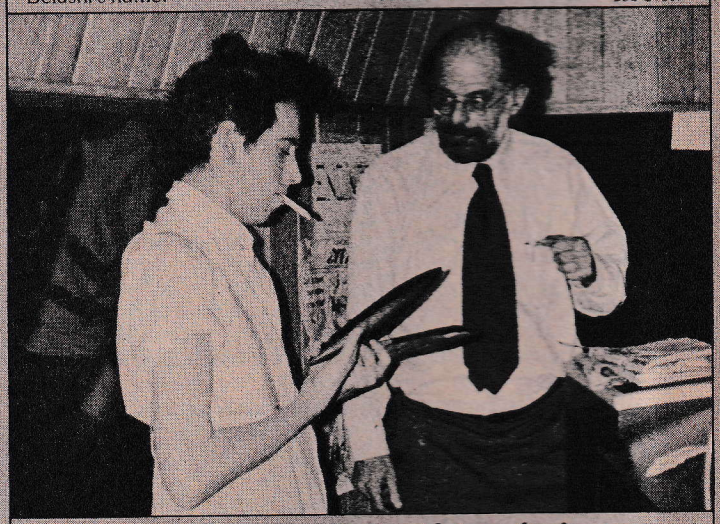
LABEL NEWS: **Marvin Gaye** has pulled a **Diana Ross** by leaving Motown Records and signing with Columbia. The Godfather of Soul **James Brown** has signed with Island Records, and is currently in Jamaica recording with (are you ready for this?) reggae extraordinaire sessionmen **Sly Dunbar** and **Robbie Shakespeare**...

At presstime, the Lone Star Cafe in New York has scheduled a benefit for the late **John Belushi** for March 31st. Special guest performers will include L.A. punk band **Fear** (one of Belushi's favorites; he was responsible for their first national television exposure), **Delbert McClinton**, **Dr. John**, **Harry Nilsson**, **Big Twist & the Mellow Fellows**, and *Blues Brothers* co-stars **James Brown** and **Ray Charles**. Proceeds will be donated to an actors' foundation being started in Belushi's name.

drama, *Past All Dishonor*. The Glimmer Twin's main squeeze **Patti Hansen** will co-star.

Jack Douglas, who produced *Double Fantasy* for **John & Yoko**, says there are five unreleased Lennon songs "in the can" which he produced during the *Double Fantasy* sessions. The songs were originally to appear on a follow-up LP entitled *Milk And Honey*, and Douglas now claims that an album is in the works using the five songs, in addition to tapes of Lennon philosophizing on "everything." The five new tunes are "harder rocking than the ones on *Double Fantasy*, more straight-ahead tales of love, with the exception of one song he based on newspaper headlines, saying how funny some tragic circumstances could be."

Bob Gruen



Allen Ginsberg offers proof positive to Mick Jones that *he too* can put out two-album sets and wear baggy pants.

Beat poet **Allen Ginsberg** recently entered **Bob Dylan**'s studio to record a new rock composition entitled "Do The Meditation." Ginsberg says he "entered the world of rock 'n' roll to save it from bubblegum, commercialistic, spineless, neutral, apolitical, aspiritual fatigue." Oh well, no one ever accused the bearded wonder of being short on words. Ginsberg also appears on one track of the latest LP from the howlin' hosers from London, the **Clash**.

Keith Richards will soon be making his motion picture acting debut, and, no, it won't be a remake of *The Man With The Golden Arm* or *Lost Weekend*. Keith has signed to portray a **Hoagy Carmichael**-type singer in **James M. Cain**'s Civil War era

In The Studio

NEW YORK, NY—Electric Lady: the Clash, Foreigner; *Media Sound:* David Sanborn; *WOODSTOCK, NY—Bearsville Recording Studios:* the Psychedelic Furs with Todd Rundgren; *MEMPHIS, TN—Soundcastle:* Juice Newton; *HOLLYWOOD, CA—Rusk Sound:* Lou Rawls; *Conway Recording Studio:* Dusty Springfield, Peter Criss; *SAN FRANCISCO, CA—Automatt:* Santana, Stacy Lattisaw, Carl Carlton; *MIAMI, FL—Criteria:* Bow Wow Wow, Manowar, Balance; *Db Studio:* Regis with Barry Mraz; *DETROIT, MI—RMJ Recording:* Mitch Ryder; *MONTSERRAT, W.I.—Air Studios:* Nazareth.

Happy Kiss-boys are reunited with their loyal fan club presidents...

Photo Compliments of Valley Arts Guitar, Studio City, CA

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THE BEAT GOES ON™

OMD: Pilgrims' Unplanned Progress

Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

"If you looked looked like us you'd sound this way *too*!"

NEW YORK—Think a minute, and recall the members of the Electronics Club at your school. If stereotypes haven't been swept under the carpet in this supposedly liberated land, the composite you've created is probably male, unathletic, either scrawny or chunky, awkwardly dressed, complete with bulging toolbox, and cursed with vision correctable only with Coke bottle lenses. For years, the tinkering types, loners all, were assumed to be so introspective and unappealing that calling them "spuds" would be taken for a compliment.

So give a look and listen to the 22-year-old pair who are Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark—Andy McCluskey and Paul Humphreys—and begin to reassess that portrait of wire wizards. Friends and collaborators since their mid-teens, McClusky and Humphreys contrast well with each other, both physically and in performance. Andy is a dark-haired broody type who, attached to his bass, leaps about the stage as if he's been hot-wired. His expenditure of voltage enlivens and gives emotional weight to O.M.D.'s attractive tunes, such as their keyboard-based British Top 10's, "Electricity," "Enola Gay" and "Souvenirs."

Paul Humphreys, who is quietly composed onstage, could be a life portrait of the old rhyme that states "Tuesday's child is fair of face," with a large measure of Monday's "full of grace" thrown in. At a time when most young British players look as experimental as they sound, O.M.D. are polished paragons of simplicity in sharply-creased slacks, well-made pullovers, pressed shirts and unthreatening ties. As he speaks, Humphreys' light hair falls across his face, just as it might have done when, as a 15-year-old, he became engrossed in building strange machines.

"I got very interested in electronics and studied it like mad," says Paul in a well-educated, only subtle Liverpudlian accent. These boys did not cruise about in some funky, glottal neighborhood. "I built a whole array of weird instruments.

"The first instrument I ever played was a noise machine which I built out of two radios set up to interfere with each other, and a whole load of wires coming out of the box which were linked to Meccano metal strips (similar to an Erector set). Every time you touched one of the strips you got a really odd sound. We used to drive my mother crazy—all these terrible noises coming out of her back room." Probably the poor woman was deeply concerned that the rumblings signaled her son's imminent electrocution, but never mind. I take great pride in my ability to change a lightbulb, while O.M.D. have turned their self-styled hobby into a very lucrative profession.

"When we started out, we didn't give a shit. To us, it's still a hobby. A lot of bands start out by saying, what are we gonna do to get a recording contract. Like the Human League now, they want to be the next Abba, and it shows in their songs. It's good pop music but it's blatant pop music and their lyrical content is the 'don't you want me baby' usual love lyrics, which is miles away from what we do. We can't contrive a hit single. We tried once and it sounded terrible. It sounded like a poor imitation of Orchestral Manoeuvres."

With subject matter enaging from a factual account of the Hiroshima bombing to a pair of songs humanizing Joan of Arc on their second album, *Architecture And Morality*, it's no wonder O.M.D. never expected to make money out of their partnership. "We never intended to get a record contract but it just so happened we got so many offers that we decided to take one." If Paul wasn't totally self-teasing about this "fate moves in strange ways" dimension of his working life, his ego could have cancelled his charm. Fortunately, the duo's lack of aggressive drive also led them to stumble into whay may have been the best business descision of their lives. The offer they accepted, from Dindisc Records, included a whopping $75,000 advance.

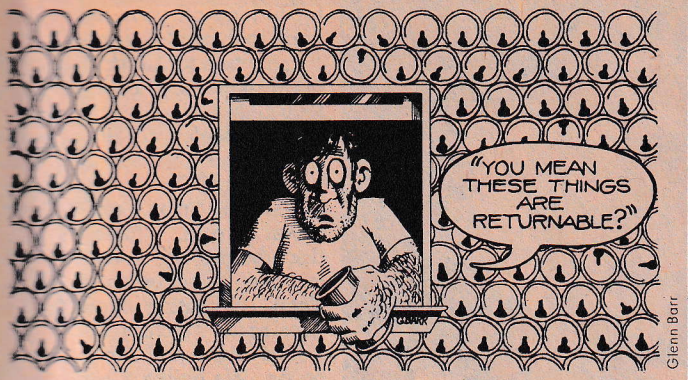
Instead of using some of the money to book studio time, they spent almost all of it and built their own place. "We thought, what the hell, we're not gonna sell any records, and they couldn't take the money back. We were broke for months and months but we built a really nice place.

"The unfortunate thing is, there's nobody to run it when we're away, so it just lies there. It's very much a musician's studio. It's an engineer's nightmare. We know how it works, but there's cables sticking out everywhere. It's characteristic of how we are—messy." Well, no one ever said that creativity and tidiness must fit together with the synthesized precision of an O.M.D. rhythmic landscape.

Toby Goldstein

WHAT NEXT, BROOKE?

***Incredible!* A part of an incredible trade deal with Chrysler, teen model Brooke Shields is now "standard equipment" in the backseat of *every car the company sells!* "It cost a lot," sighed Chrysler boss Lee Iacocca, "but think of those incredible *sales!*" Chirped the well-known covergirl: "This is the *least* I can do for Chrysler--and therefore the ailing U.S. economy--and thus the *entire world!* Do you have a crayon?" Bubble on, sweetheart--we love you! Need a light?**



Glenn Barr

All Texans Are Useless

HOUSTON, TX—For fifteen years, 68-year-old John Milkovich collected discarded beer cans, but it wasn't until recently that he figured out what to do with them.

In a truly radical home improvement move, the retired railroad worker cut off the tops and bottoms, strung them together with wire and safety pins and built a beer can shroud that completely encloses his home.

"Sometimes I think it's foolish for a man of my age to sit around stringing tops of cans together," he understated, "but it's a good pastime," Well, it sure beats introducing color television to Mozambique.

If you think the *artiste* is foolish, how about the art critics and students who've flocked here to examine this epic piece of "yard art"? "They try to put me in the same category as a sculpture," John snorted, "but I say *no way!*"

The genius himself pointed out an additional feature. "When there's a lot of wind, these things make plenty of noise." But can they play "MacArthur Park"?

Maestro Milkovich is mischievously vague about the actual number of cans in his Lite Curtain. "I tried counting them once," he remarked slyly, "but I just got dizzy!"

Rick Johnson

Lynn Goldsmith

DYLAN "WAITING ON FRIENDS"?

Scores of photographers gathered to uncover the uncanny truth: Bob Dylan, one-time hero of millions, now supports himself *solely* through his job as a waiter! "Bobee ees our best waiter," cooed proud restaurateur Willie Nolan, owner of the well-known Manhattan bistro Le Dog et Suds, "and he *especially* has ze way with ze women!" Says waiter Bob: "Would you ladies like some fine *wines* this evening? Or should I just sing *'Blowin' In The Wind'*?" Amid howls of laughter, the former rock icon smirked: "I *told ya* ya gotta serve somebody, didn't you *believe* me?" Frankly, Bob, *no*. And how come this *soup* is cold?

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New Order (For The Old Ceremony)

NEW YORK—The word had gone out through Ruth Polsky, the booking agent handling New Order's American tour. No interviews. They never do them. They're trying to bring a new way of doing things to the hackneyed process of pop publicity, etc. Suspicious journalists muttered to each other about "stuck up Mancunians" (slang for people from Manchester) and "just trying to be different" and "who do they think they are."

After all, New Order have a mystique to preserve. The band is a continuation of Joy Division, undoubtedly the single most influential band to emerge in England's post-punk period, a disturbing and mysterious band whose lead singer, Ian Curtis, hanged himself in May 1980.

The death of Curtis gave Joy Division a legendary status in England—he was apparently a self-martyred victim of heartbreak, a very foolish and romantic notion—but well before his death Joy Division were important. They pioneered a solemn and stately, emotion-laden sound (which antagonists labeled "doom-rock") that epitomized English post-punk rock until the "new romantics" launched the challenge of their electronic dance rhythms. The list of bands that followed the Joy Division's wake is endless.

"Occasionally we stump our fans with *Archies songs*," the guys laughed later! Marilyn Ward

Echo and the Bunnymen, U-2, Teardrop Explodes, Wah!, the Cure, Scars, Fire Engines, Bauhaus, Killing Joke and Joseph K are just a few. Most of these may not exactly be household names in America, but in England many of them have had hits and together they have formed a powerful new pop movement.

When Curtis died, the remaining members of the band—guitarists Bernard Albrecht and Peter Hook and drummer Steve Morris, decided to carry on with a new name, with Albrecht taking over the vocal spot. They soon added a young woman named Gillian Gilbert on guitar, bass and synthesizer.

The last Joy Division single, "Love Will Tear Us Apart," was the ultimate ode to lover's heartbreak, the most emotionally affecting single of 1980. The first New Order single, "Ceremony," released in early 1981, signaled a slight change. Blessed with a haunting melody, "Ceremony"'s emotional charge was a mixed bag, full of depressed resignation but also of uplift and hope. Though "Ceremony" has never been released in the States, the first New Order album, *Movement*, will be out through American Rough Trade. And import sales and their own history have given New Order a considerable American following.

The first of their two New York shows is at the Ukrainian National Home, a Lower East Side meeting hall normally used for things like neighborhood Civic Association meetings. The managers of the place seem rather bemused by the crowds of punk rockers and assorted new wavery types streaming in to see New Order.

The show is a revelation. New Order's music has moved a long way from "doom-rock." It's a heady and up-beat, celebrative sound. The guitar interplay recalls the texture and inventiveness of Television, while the synthesizer and drums add an underpinning of electro-beat dance motion. The sound is rich, captivating, full of power. Bernard Albrecht, as lead singer, can only be described as intense: he stares and glares at the audience with wide eyes and sings with heartfelt conviction.

The performance apparently takes a lot out of him, because backstage after the show I find Albrecht sprawled over a chair, his head back, staring blankly into space. Peter Hook is off in a corner, talking quietly with some friends. Steve Morris and Gillian Gilbert are fooling around with one of the roadies, scouting for the makings of a joint.

Slowly, Albrecht rouses himself from his seeming state of shock, and we start talking. Given the "no interview" policy, I'm wary of the reception I'll get when introduced as a journalist, but Albrecht proves very friendly, and invites me along with some of his friends to go club-hopping.

Walking from the East Village to the Underground, a downtown disco, Albrecht fills me in on New Order's American tour.

"We had a really bad time at the Toronto show. We played Masonic Hall. Our equipment broke down, and the power went out twice. But after that we went hanging out at a place called the Voodoo Club which was quite good.

"Besides Toronto the shows have all been really good, with good crowds. L.A. is really like they say it is, though, isn't it? They really are laid back, mellow and all that."

At the Underground, we get busy drinking Pernod and orange juice (fabulous cocktail) and spacing out to the disco beat. "This music is too samey" Albrecht reckons. "But it's good for turning off your mind. Not good to think all the time."

I mention to Albrecht that his performance had been particularly intense.

"I was feeling really out of it. Today was the first day I've been on this New York schedule, staying up all night, waking up at 4 p.m. I have jet lag, discotheque lag, every kind of lag. But, it's better than going to sleep, or sitting around the hotel room watching TV."

The night and the cocktails go on. We hit the Continental, a new after-hours club, and finally A.M./P.M., stumbling out at dawn. It's not the kind of situation conducive to a serious discussion of New Order's music, and I don't even try. But I did discover that behind the impenetrable veneer, New Order's singer is an intelligent, normal guy, who doesn't smile or joke much but who is far from being serious or pompous.

And New Order's music is getting lighter, brighter and more compelling. That's good news.

Richard Grabel

Tight Wheels Spite Heels

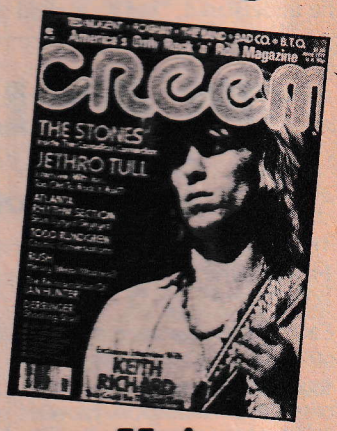
ANN ARBOR, MI—After recent reports of hearing loss, chest hair spotting and even homosexuality, still another debilitating effect has been attributed to disco.

Writing in the *Journal Of The American Medical Association*, two Michigan doctors state that too-tight, designer-styled roller skates can compress a nerve in the foot, leading to the much-dreaded Disco Neuropathy. The condition is rarely fatal but looks *pretty stoopid* on the dance floor.

The cure? Scientifically speaking, the doctors recommend *"loosening tightfitting roller skates."* They concede, however, that the main problem will be teaching roller disco fans to *untie them*.

Rick Johnson

5 Years Ago



He's Good Bad, But He's Not Evil

Bo Diddley recently went to Providence, Rhode Island for a one-week engagement at Lupo's Heartbreak Hotel, which is not newsworthy in itself, if Bo hadn't decided to do a prison benefit at a local correctional institution, out of the goodness of his heart. Out of the goodness of their hearts, prison guards would not let Bo out of the pen, convinced he was a con. It took several hours of explaining...

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roads will become battlefields
and the hope of mankind
will appear as a stranger.
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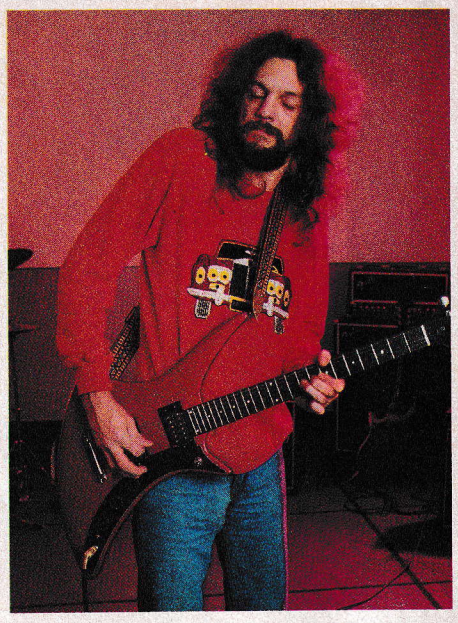

If you're tired of looking and sounding like every other player, the new Guild X-79 is the guitar you've been waiting for. It's eye-catching, exotic shape has already caused comments like "As soon as I saw this guitar, I knew it was made for me", from Allen Collins of Rossington-Collins, and "It's great for rock 'n' roll" from 'Rockin A' Neilsen of Blue Angel.

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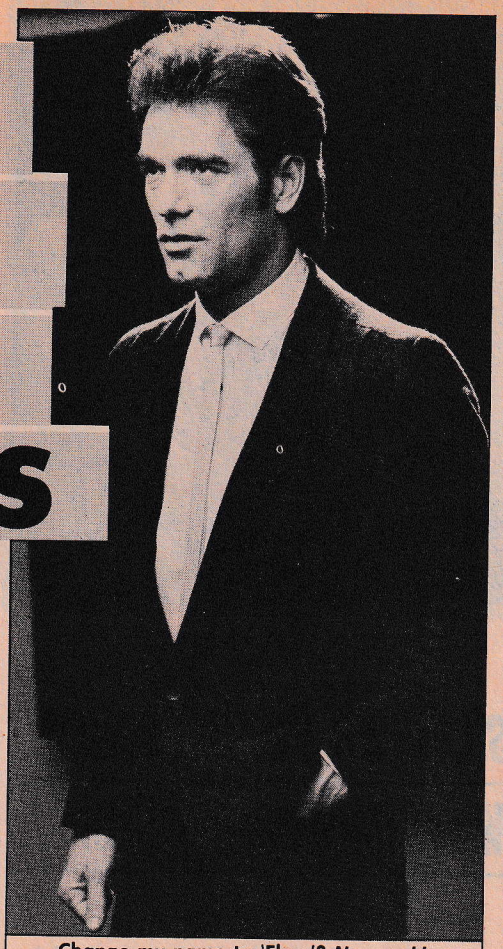
HUEY LEWIS MAKES THE NEWS

by Michael Goldberg



Change my name to 'Elmo'? *No way!!*

So this is Marin: there's not even a sign to mark the short, dead-end street where Huey Lewis lives. Things like street signs and pavement don't seem to be a top priority in the land of hot tubs, freebasing and the Grateful Dead. So it's up a muddy dirt road and then up a bunch of wooden stairs (past Huey's white BMW) to reach a rustic house set into the hillside among pine trees and other natural-type stuff that I thought they only had in parks these days.

I'm braving clean air and sunny skies to hang out with Huey Lewis, who leads Huey Lewis and the News, currently a very hot rock 'n' roll outfit with a hit single, "Do You Believe In Love," that is doing wonders for Huey's career (and bank account).

I'm greeted at the door by Huey's mom, a very hip lady (she's got her tight purple jeans stuffed into her cowboy boots and, as Huey tells me later, she was the one who turned him onto Bob Dylan when he was a kid) who is visiting her son, even as he is becoming a certified pop star and appearing on TV shows like *Fridays* and *Solid Gold*. She leads me into the dining room/kitchen/living room, telling me about her dislike of the smoky clubs she has to spend time in to see her son sing. She takes a seat at the kitchen table and picks up her embroidery.

The Star is making a pot of coffee. He walks over, grins a "Gosh darn ain't life wonderful" kind of grin and shakes my hand. A basketball game is playing itself out on Huey's color TV. It seems Huey didn't fantasize about being a rock 'n' roller when he was a kid; he just wanted to be a sports hero.

In the living room, Huey settles into a rattan couch with big green cushions. If only all the beautiful girls who were lined up in front of the stage at the Old Waldorf the other night, singing along with his songs and staring dreamily at him, could see Huey now: he's wearing pink pajamas, black slippers and has a purple bathrobe with grey trim wrapped around himself. The 31-year-old Huey looks kind of like a young Clint Eastwood. That disarming smile and an "Aw shucks, ain't nothin' " demeanor make it impossible to not like the guy.

So anyway, what *about* all these gorgeous young girls who fawn over Huey Lewis and the News? "I think it's great," smiles Huey. "We have some very eligible guys in the group. Chris Hayes [guitarist] *is* a great looking guy and Johnny Colla [the other guitarist; sometime sax player] is a great looking guy. And I also think I'm sort of romantic too. I think that comes across."

> ***"I really object to faceless rock. Rock 'n' roll is supposed to be about personality. That's what it started out being."***

Huey says that it was the girls who showed up at his early gigs that first made him think that the band might have a chance. "We started out as a musicians' band," he says. "But we played our first gig and when we finished playing, there were five girls outside the gig waiting for us, saying "You guys were great!" And I thought Jesus, hang on, we may have something here fellas!"

Before he formed the News in 1979, Huey Lewis spent six years playing harp in Clover, an excellent but never popular Marin County band that moved to England in the mid-70's and backed Elvis Costello on *My Aim Is True*. While in England Huey became friends with Dave Edmunds and Phil Lynott, playing harp on their respective records. Clover broke up when their guitarist, John McFee, decided he was tired of starving and joined the Doobie Brothers.

"That was the toughest point," says Huey of Clover's break-up. "Because I thought, here I am a harmonica player and what are the odds of me getting a gig as a harmonica player? I mean, I got two sessions a year. You can't live off two sessions a year."

So Huey decided to try leading a band. He called up every good musician he knew in Marin, including a bunch of his old friends from grade school, and convinced them to come down to a local club, Uncle Charlie's, for a Monday night jam. "I didn't call up any singers," laughs Huey. "So I did all the singing."

But what started out so casually quickly solidified into a tight, six-man band. "It was fun and I seemed to be getting away with it," says Huey of his tentative first few months as a band leader and vocalist. "If I hadn't gotten away with it...Let's put it this way: I'm not the kind of guy who, if it didn't fly after a while...Well I wouldn't do this and be a destitute singer the rest of my life. I wouldn't be broke playing funky bars for the rest of my life. Other things are more important to me. Rock is not the end all and be all of everything. But since it seems to be going rather well, there's no sense in changing. That's quite candid, but it's true.

By the beginning of 1980, Huey Lewis

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As penance for being named Huey, Mr. Lewis's bill is *glued to the microphone* while Unca Scrooge eats *turkey!!*

photos by Jeffrey Mayer

David McGough/DMI

Generally, the word 'Life' often appears near the head of the band's lead singer.

One Quarterflash, Three Parts Foolish: A Seafood Mama Hardens Her Heart!

by Sylvie Simmons

In the United States, statistics show, a girl is walking out on her no-good man every 15 minutes. Statistics also show that 15 minutes later they're going out and buying the Quarterflash record.

"I'd say," says Rindy Ross, tiny and pert and looking ready for a tennis game, "two-thirds of the people who buy the record are women. And they say things like, 'I can really *understand* "Harden My Heart.'" In fact, one woman said it was her *divorce* song."

"A lot of women," says Marv Ross, slightly dishevelled and wrapped in a leather jacket, "claim to *own* the song, like this is MY song. Interesting."

"I've said that a few times in high school—you just tie into a song because it says everything you're feeling at the time. There's always," she confides *Cosmopolitan*ly, "some girl who's breaking up with her boyfriend, and she's just not going to take this shit anymore. *This is it!*"

This, in fact, is the Best Western in Seattle, a stone's throw from Portland, Oregon, which, if it hasn't been swallowed by volcanic ash, is Quarterflash's hometown. The sun is shining, the birds are twittering and Marv and Rindy Ross are doing a pre-show (with Sammy Hagar at the arena) interview. A nicer couple you couldn't meet, not even on *Family Feud*. While all about them the moral fiber of their country is falling to pieces, and Geffen Records is crying all the way to the bank as *Quarterflash* is selling as fast as Valium to America's womenfolk, Rindy and Marv are still together after 10 years of marriage ("we met each other when we were juniors in high school, in an English class") and have no intention of following their own advice and leaving each other for a life of rock 'n' roll fun.

"We *had* fun," Rindy insists.

"Most of the time," adds Marv (they take it in turns, listening carefully to each other's answer) "we don't even mention the fact that we're married. Most people, when we go to interviews, say 'are you brothers or sisters or what?' Because we just don't want to project the idea that we're too cute or something." One of the reasons he wears leather. He still looks cute.

> ***"A lot of women claim to own the song, like this is MY song. Interesting. --Marv Ross"***

Well, it was either 'Seafood Mama' or 'Pizza Daddy,' and, ummm...

Chris Walter

"I think we're a little too wholesome for some people, just the idea of it. But we're definitely not trying to be the Captain and Tennille or something."

"Or Donnie and Marie," grins Randy.

But what got them into rock 'n' roll, this nice suburban couple who used to teach school and wear earth shoes? What took them from Tupperware parties to rock 'n' roll parties? Surely not to get drugs and have lots of sex with strangers? What could the road hold for such a twosome as this?

"Well," muses Marv. "Both of us went through our party years younger. And I've always taken music a little more seriously, probably, than a lot of musicians do."

"I think," says Rindy, "we are out of the stereotype. We can't really be plugged into that—and I'm glad. And yet I do feel I can communicate with those people that are totally into partying.

"I don't make any judgement upon musicians who go through that, because perhaps if the situation were different and Marv and I weren't together, maybe I'd be doing it too. But we're just happy together, and that's the bottom line."

Uh, we're not trying to add you to the divorce statistics or anything, but don't you get on each other's nerves? Don't you go home after a concert and say, "I've got a headache" because of some criticism you've made of each other onstage? Don't you just get sick of the sight of each other? Or are you just too wonderful for words?

"No, we're not too wonderful for words," says Marv. "We're critical of each other. If I think something doesn't look good on her or the horn lick she's playing isn't appropriate for the song, I'll tell her. It's sensitive, because you have to keep your professional life and your married life separate."

"Which," says Rindy, "is fairly impossible, but you have to try."

"There are moments," philosophises Marv, "where you have to throw out the music and just discover yourselves again."

"I think," back to Rindy, "the fact that our relationship started before we were ever involved in music and developed in such a gradual way musically that we kind of know each other well enough to know which areas are really delicate. And another main thing why we don't get on each other ego-wise is that I'm not a writer and Marv isn't a singer. So we can make suggestions to the other person because it's not coming from 'I can do it better than you.' So when he gives me a criticism I usually take it seriously and not as a threat."

"It would be very hard, I think, to be a Buckingham-Nicks," says Marv. Thank the Lord for that. "Both singing leads and both writing. It would be very hard for me if Rindy was writing great songs—I could see where I'd be jealous of her writing abilities and find it hard to deal with a love relationship. So I think we are very fortunate in that we complement each other and fit just right."

"Man, can she ever blow," claim the critics!!

"I guess he's right," smiles Rindy. "We're just too wonderful for words."

"That," Marv takes a mental note, "would make good lyrics for a song."

Which brings us right back to "Harden My Heart," that song that fits into just about every American radio format and flashes HIT from the second you hear the sax hook and get dragged into the catchy tune. As Rindy puts it, "Marv writes good radio songs."

This one was written way back in 1979 when Marv and Rindy used to play in bars "and we got a real mediocre response to it or none at all." As in turning their backs and walking out. "I think it really demonstrates the difference between what people in a bar want to hear and what people on their radio in a car want to hear."

"It's not," says Rindy, "raucous rock 'n' roll. It's not music to drink to."

Does such a creature exist? Yes, and it was recorded in the basement of the Ross house. They'd have supper, go downstairs and work in their "little studio" that they saved up for after experiencing anxieties and the ridiculous cost of booking real studio time. "We made our living playing the bars, four days a week usually, and the rest of the time the band spent down in the studio." Marv gave Rindy "Harden My Heart" and "at the time we recorded it at home I was still reading the words off a piece of paper."

Marv and Rindy don't think it at all odd that he's writing songs as a woman. "It's just that Rindy and I have this relationship where I've been writing songs for her for so many years that this was just one of them. I don't sing at all, so she's really my voice, so a lot of time I think out the lyrics through her mental process—we've done it for so long now that it's become easier for me. I wanted to write a strong song for her to sing, because that's what she wanted at the time."

An I Am Woman thing?

"Basically yes," says Rindy. "Strong independent female instead of snivelling dependent female. Just a few years ago you were hearing those 'I can't live without you' type lyrics coming from a woman. I'm tired of that approach, the subservient woman thing. And Marv knows me so well, it's so much fun for me to have someone that can write lyrics from that point of view. I feel very lucky."

After all, it would seem more reasonable for a guy to write for his women, saying 'I'm going to be your abject slave, bring you breakfast in bed and perform all other marital functions' than 'sod you, I'm hardening my heart,' wouldn't it?

"That's not Rindy. This song was written from a personal problem I was having with some friends of mine that I'd known for years, so I just sort of channelled those emotions."

Anyway, the basement recording was released as a single on the independent Whitefire label ("it's Whitefire number 001. There's never been an 002") and with the help of manager Jay Isaacs, they set about flogging the record to record stores and radio stations around Portland, where they's picked up quite a following.

Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

"Each member of the band had like four stores to cover, and we each had our own records and made sure we called once a week to see that they had enough records. And we always ran out, because we didn't expect it to sell. We initially ordered a thousand copies, the minimum we could order. Lots of friends of ours in Portland had had local records, and they were always real lucky if they ever sold the first shipment."

> ***"The rock 'n' roll end of Marv rubbed off on me, and the folk part of me rubbed off on him, so eventually there was a meeting ground. --Rindy Ross"***

"So we'd order 2000 more," says Rindy, "and that would be gone immediately. We couldn't believe it! We kept thinking, well, it's going to peak, they'll lose interest. And we ended up selling 10,000." Everyone in Portland just about has a copy.

"We really learned the music business from the ground up," says Marv, "the old-fashioned way, with the records in the back of the trunk and driving to a record store and trying to get someone to put up a little picture of the band. It was like *Coal Miner's Daughter* or something."

About the nearest thing they did to hyping themselves was rent Seattle's famous (they tell me) Fish Man to hand out tickets to their shows in his "lovely fish suit—beautiful scales; it's just wonderful," or have their friends wear clam masks "and this guy would stand with a wet suit on and this clam head handing out flyers." Not a strange northwestern ritual, but something to do with the fact that Quarterflash used to be called Seafood Mama when "Harden My Heart" first made waves.

Seafood Mama was a band that used to play a lot of swing music, with fiddles and harmonicas and the like. It dissolved when the musical direction of the band started following the path of Marv's pop-rock songs, the songs that the record companies were already showing more than a little interest in. (Bigshot producer John Boylan went to check them out in Seattle and testified that this would be his only outside project of the year.) Geffen Records, a label concentrating on already established artists like Lennon, Elton John and Donna Summer, was beginning to sniff at Seafood.

Adopting a local band called Pilot ("don't say 'adopt.' We're not mom and dad in the back of the bus. We get a lot of shit about that—'hey there's mom and dad!' Right now we're trying to establish a band identity away from Marv and Rindy, away from Seafood Mama. And it *is* merging together") they formed a completely new band. And "when you have a name like Seafood Mama it always focuses on the female member of the band, and I was tired of being the Mama.

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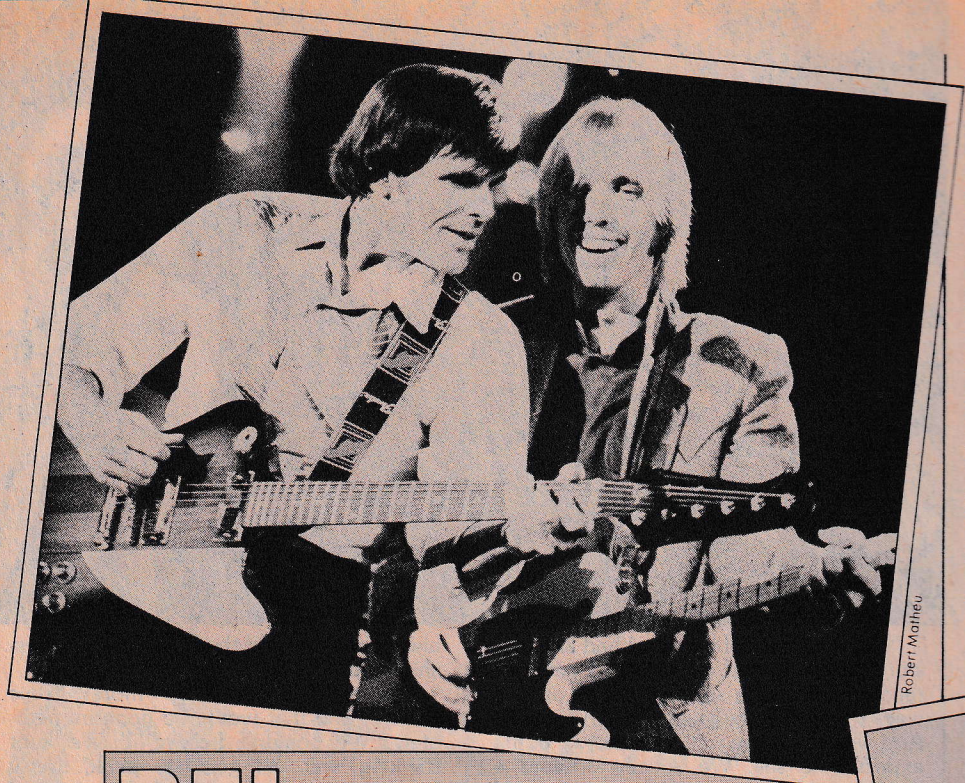
"Somehow, I *prefer* this to getting food stamps," notes you-know-who!!

Chris Walter



Robert Matheu

DEL SHANNON'S Fugitive Kind of Love

by Mitch Cohen

"There was a girl I thought was really in love with me. I mean, my heart would pound when she came around. She gave me her bracelet to wear. Most likely I begged to wear it. I probably pestered her so much she let me wear it...The next day, she was out with this other guy. I took her bracelet off and put it on a railroad track."

This probably took place a quarter of a century ago, but when Del Shannon tells it, the anguish is right there in his eyes. His songs are made of this stuff, and it's the reason why his songs sock you in the solar plexus when they come on the radio. He explains about chord changes and country influences, about the clang of his guitar. But the real thread that goes from "Runaway" (1961) to "Sucker For Your Love" (1981) is Del Shannon standing in a hallway and having the most popular girl in school break a date that was made two weeks before.

He was rock's prototypical refugee, always trying to escape his destiny, so it's no real surprise that Del Shannon was taken under Tom Petty's fair-haired wing. Their collaboration, with Petty as sponsor-producer, has been an off-and-on affair since 1979, subject to the usual obstacles—lawsuits, record company sinkings, overseas obligations—that both artists have dealt with in their time. *Drop Down And Get Me* is a project of patience and faith.

"The key to the whole project was Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers," Shannon says. "When I met him in the office and he said, 'What are you doing going down to Nashville? You're a rocker, man!,' that's all I really had to hear. His confidence. So I said, okay, we'll have to wait for this to surface.

"He let me be Del Shannon. He didn't try to change this much or that much. Here's how we worked: he'd call me up and say, 'I'm ready.' I said, 'You're kidding. I'm going to England in three days.' This is when we first started, in '79. He says, 'So what?' And I thought, 'Yeah, so what? I don't need ten hundred years to lay down these rock 'n' roll songs. That's the way I used to cut.'"

"And they said there was no future in those high-pitched vocals..."

Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

A Broken Heart meets a Heartbreaker!

All through the 70's, the word would filter from one rock source or another: Shannon's recording with Jeff Lynne. He's at Rockfield working with Dave Edmunds. Island has signed him. He's gonna do a country record. "I never left the recording studio," he says. "I just never released a lot of it because I was not ready to do anything. I was drinking too much, smoking too much, and my head wasn't right. It was too clouded. Four years ago was when I changed my life around, finally, so I could be myself and want to be part of the album. Whereas other times I was so insecure I would just say, 'You do it.'"

SKR Photo/Retna

Del to star in *The Gary Busey Story!*

And all through this decade of stop-and-start activity, rock was catching up with a lot of what Shannon had started. In 1965, he made a tribute album to Hank Williams, long before country was cool. His musitron sound predated all electro-pop. You could hear splatters of his mid-period hits in the revved-up love on the run sagas of Springsteen.

He is, of course, aware of his influence. "I'm hearing it more and more. Springsteen, and Petty also, they picked it up and they carried it further. The fact is, 'everybody's got a hungry heart' is a song typical that I would write, yet he has his own touch on it, see. When I heard that record, I just went, 'My God, what a great "Run-

away." "Searchin" record.' Yet he did it so well. And Elton John was doing 'Crocodile Rock,' he got that, possibly, off 'Cry Myself To Sleep,' which I did a long, long time ago. And it feels good to know that, but it doesn't really make me wanna walk around a room and say 'ain't I something.' Because I got mine from Hank, and I always wanted to get the old Buck Owens sound on his old records, those ringing, beautiful guitars."

There was a freakish energy to Shannon's records that set them apart. The vocal leaps into high registers had a kinship to East Coast pop (Four Seasons, Lou Christie); the instrumental jumble was related to combos like Johnny and the Hurricanes; rockabilly touches snuck in, and Orbison's operatic angst; he could reach back to songs like "Do You Wanna Dance" and "Handy Man." But he sounded like nobody else, and he couldn't miss. Even in the face of the British Invasion that wiped out most of his contemporaries, Shannon thrived, picking up a few tips and passing some on.

"I had that unique thing, I guess, without

> ***"My manager once said, 'You have a teardrop in your throat.' And that's what comes out."***

trying to be conceited. I listen to 'Keep Searchin" today, and it is a good rock 'n' roll song. I had to write. I couldn't get songs from other people much. If I did, they would sound like my last record. Bobby Vee had all these great songs from Carole King. I could never get a Carole King song."

As a composer who also had an ear for the apt oldie, Shannon's future was, unlike so many other early 60's rockers, very much under his creative control. So when he began slipping, he had no one else to blame. "It was me," he says. "I ran out. 'Keep Searchin' ' was top ten, 'I Go To Pieces' was in the top ten. Artists didn't really have that going for them much in that year, and I said, 'I could never top this. I'm going to lose it all.' Lost the momentum."

☆ ☆ ☆

Shannon's career never came to a full stop: he moved from Detroit to California, where he discovered and managed Smith, who had a hit with "Baby It's You"; he produced a million-seller, "Gypsy Woman," for his drinking buddy Brian Hyland ("I said, 'Let's get together for a week or two.' He came out and he stayed two years.") Liberty and then ABC signed him to recording contracts with healthy guarantees. "It was a great life." he admits. "I bought mountains, and I bought land, and I couldn't get no hits."

And he was always welcome in England, recording site of his only (and sensa-

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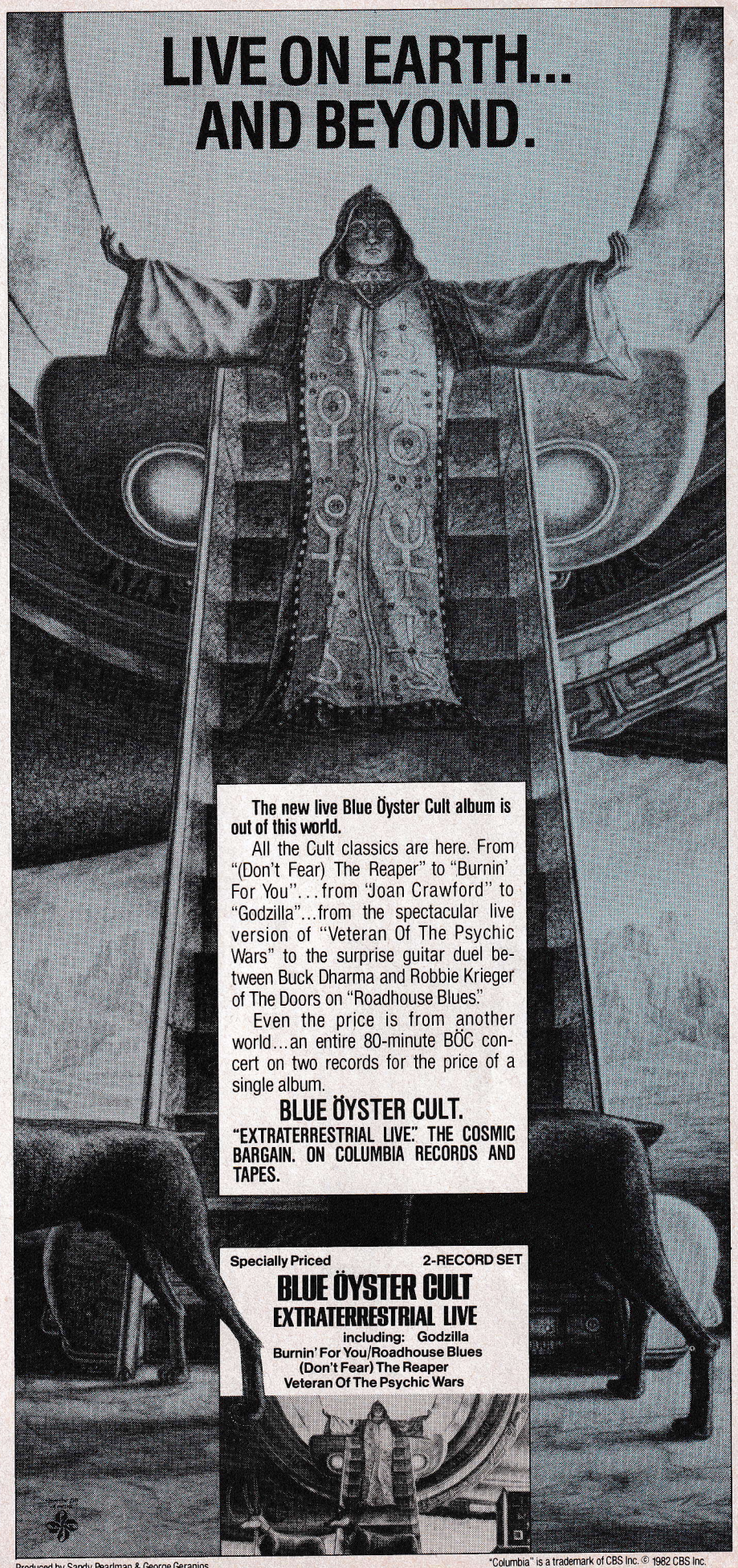
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JOAN J

Portuguese man-of-war? Yummy!!

The Public's Vindication Of An Ex-Runaway

Mick Rock

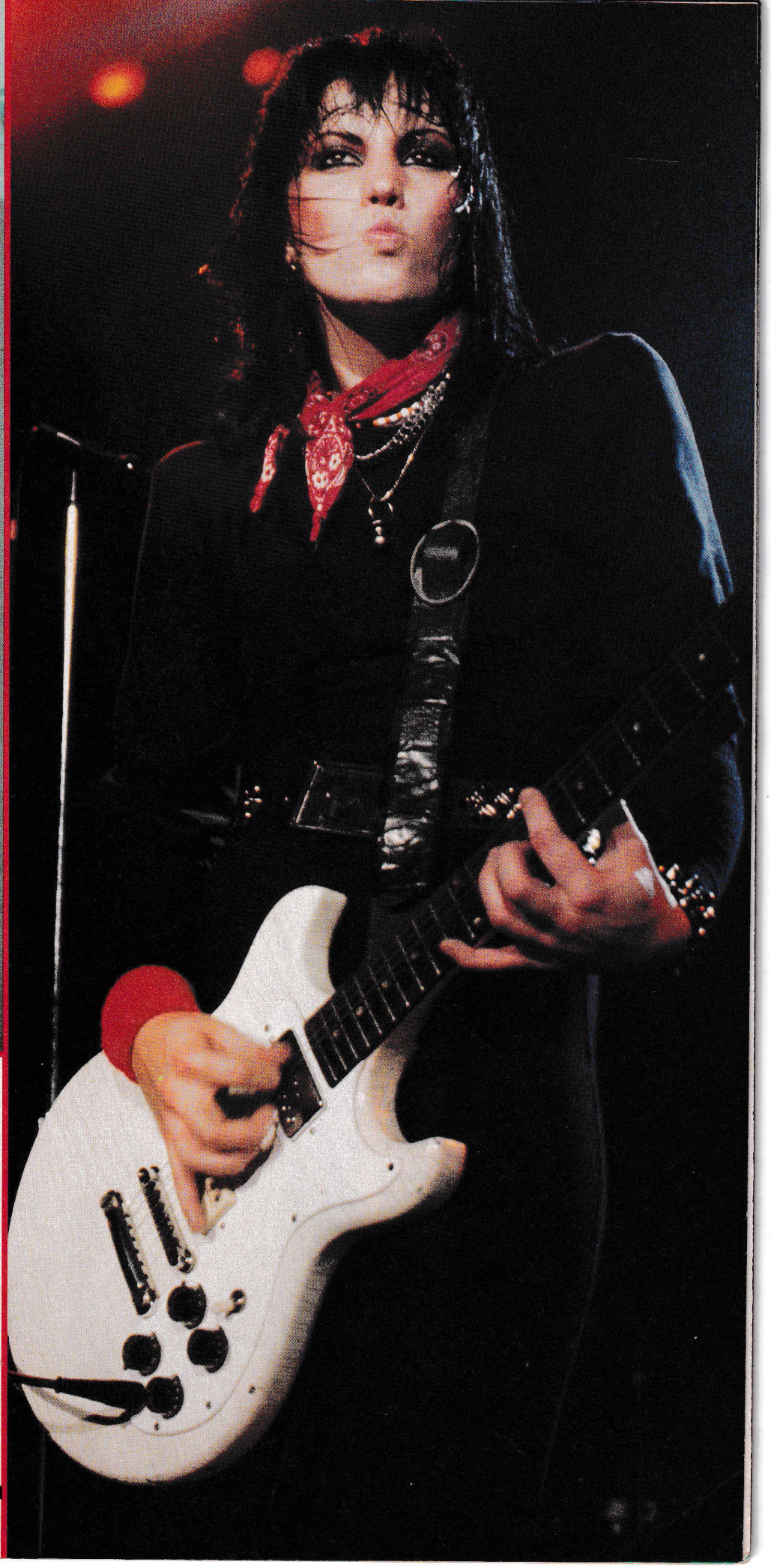
Occasionally Princess Diana thought back to her Amazon days...

by Iman Lababedi

Joan Jett's ambitions have remained constant since the age of 15, when she formed all-girl metal rock band the Runaways and defiantly informed an indifferent country that she wanted to go where the boys go. Although the passing of time has toned her skills as a white noise guitarist to a fine ear-piercing point, and although she can finally scream through the wall of electricity, what changes there have been are less of intention, more of ability to follow these intentions. The Runaways were despised in America for several reasons; their manager Kim Fowley hyped them to hell and back as sexual titillation for horny young men (99% of their Yank audience was male) and this repelled the rock critics who might have built their reputation. This country couldn't handle five hedonistic jailbaits

Mick Rock

JETT IS A VERY NICE GIRL



using the r'n'r dream to no greater purpose then having fun fun fun. The band themselves were aggressive amateur musicians, and if in Europe and Japan the noise annoys gangbang throttle riffs of things breaking down were accepted at face value, over here it was pre-punk product perfect time. The Runaways were never a *great group*, which is OK because they could be very good. But by the time they were getting good with the '77 *Waiting For The Night*—an attempt to legitimitize, through a comprehension of the gender clichēs they twistedly propogated, their vision of the rock lifestyle—it was too late. They couldn't dodge their bad reputation, and in 1979, they gave up.

Three years later and things are a little different for Joan Jett..."It's like all of a sudden—nobody would look at the Runaways, they'd laugh. Everybody really slagged us, everybody: no radio play, all bad press. Then the Runaways break up

Ron Akiyama/HollyGraphs

and you try this and you leave and you come back and finally. FINALLY..."

Joan's second solo album—and first with back-up band the Blackhearts—*I Love Rock 'n' Roll* has gone platinum, the same-named single has gone gold. I have no idea why, it isn't that much better than *Bad Reputation*. Nobody else can figure it either, and though Joan says "maybe at this time kids want to get back to basics" she qualifies the comment with "but I don't know why, that I can't answer." One thing is certain, this isn't a Loverboy-REO record company success. This is one from the heart.

On a wet Wednesday afternoon at her publicist's offices in midtown Manhattan, Joan, her manager Kenny Laguna (who used to produce Tommy James and the Shondells) and I attempt to put the bits and pieces together under the mother hen eyes of PR lady Jeffy Powell. Joan is looking unequivocally gorgeous, better than on the cover of the album. The pronounced toughness that comes through when she is sullenly pouting (*all those pictures!*), or the anguished face-pulling that's a prerequisite in her concerts disappears when she smiles; when she smiles Joan looks like the girl who always sat at the back of class in junior high disrupting the proceedings when things got just too tedious, and getting away with it with a flutter of her long eyelashes. She got off the road the day before and spent the night at the home she shares with Kenny and his wife Meryl for the first time in far too long.

Joan is also in a mild state of shock: "It hasn't hit me yet and when it does, it will knock me sideways. I don't know how I will feel. Maybe it'll hit me slowly, I have no idea. It makes you turn round and go 'Ha ha ha,' it really makes me laugh." Joan's pleasure is contagious, her throaty voice—similar to her singing one even when calm—jumps an octave whenever we mention her current preeminence. "This is something I've been dreaming about since I was 14, it's just blown me away." she admits, grinning. "Even if it stopped today you still would've had that place, they can't take it away. Number 5 album and number 3 single! And some people say 'Don't you think that's selling out?' What can you reply? That's not selling out at all, I'd have done this album no matter what. It happens that 'I Love Rock 'n' Roll" is an anthem. Everyone said, 'You can't have a hit single with it, nobody will play it, it's so hard,' but you know, it's an anthem when it's No. 3 in the charts. I will personally flip out if it gets to the top."

It does start to settle up for the years of struggling to little avail with the Runaways, a time in her life Joan seems obsessed with. The name crops up continually, and at one point she comes close to an illumination of exactly why they were reviled here: "America can be too uptight. No one in '75 expected to have a five-piece all girl rock 'n' roll band that was under 19; swearing, drinking, doing everything a male band would do and being honest about it. They weren't ready for it. I don't know if they're ready for it *now*, if another band like that came out. They can't accept the Runaways, Americans can't, except for the few who saw deeper than the fact that we were teenage girls—they listened to the

Guess what I like *best!!*

music, they liked the whole thing. I always wanted to be in a big band, Kim [Fowley] always wanted to have a big band, and he used things that he thought would get us recognition. At the time we didn't know it was going to be bad for us, we didn't at all. We didn't realize that 'til too late."

Joan's image has always been an integral part of her music, a tangible extreme with thoroughly provocative undertones; the stubborn g-u-r-l who took crap from no one and if any one didn't like it they could take a flying one. What people didn't notice was the guts and simple self-respect implied in her actions and attitudes. It pulled no party lines, not the male dominated "you can't do that" rock one and not the sexual-defining liberated female one. It's for good reason that young girls have been emulating Jett, she brings out extreme devotion in her fans—and I've met Joan Clones everywhere from New York to L.A. to London.

"Oh! I think they're wonderful" says Joan of these strange creatures who dye their hair the same shade and will only wear black Pro-Keds because that's what *she* wears. "It isn't weird to me because I'm a fan of myself."

"But it's hard for me to think in terms of image. I feel as though I have no image. You see, I'm too close to it to tell. What I'm trying to explain is that I have no image. I do but I don't. I do what I want to do, it's me, what you see is what you get."

"You know of course that she does have an image, right?" interrupts Kenny Laguna. "But that doesn't relate to building an image career-wise. That person that is Joan Jett is Joan Jett all the time. The hard part was getting even our record company to realize that the way to build an image with Joanie is to let her be what she is. There is absolutely no conscious pretense. Zero. None of this was thought of." And the leather stuff?

"I love leather," Joan states definitely. "It's not an image. I mean I'm not wearing my leather jacket today, but I have my leather pants on. It's like I can't keep away from it." How about suede, I cheekily inquire. "No. There's something special about leather. It's not an image, it's a thing...it's not an image, it's...*me!*"

One of the effects of Joan's rise in popularity has been a subtle shift in the way she is portrayed to the public; her most recent photographs find a rather languorously feminine Joan lazing on a beach in hot pants. Jeffy shrugs if off with "She doesn't always wear leather, you know," but these are the photos that'll be the first representation of post-stardom Jett for much of the world. If she wanted to play butch that would have been the time. Otherwise, Joan's success hasn't altered her life much, she's been on the road continually and the main difference has been one of, as Jeffy explained earlier, "changing venues from clubs to theatres and endlessly adding one on the end." Joan hasn't seen much of the money yet. ("though I'm not starving"), still hasn't gotten her famous '57 Chevy.

The change in status is more obvious in her manager Kenny. He nearly refused us this interview for numerous crimes against

> ***"Rock 'n' roll is where I belong, and there's no way I'd do anything else."***

Always one for forceful entrances, Gary Glitter arrives with *five bazookas* as meek Joanie stands aghast!! *Huh?*

the artist, some real, some imagined. Mitchell Cohen comes in for a slamming for what was, more or less, a complimentary review of *I Love Rock 'n' Roll*. Complains Kenny: "The reviewer should've been happy to have a record that didn't sound as though it was manufactured at a CBS factory. When you see a review like that, where he says 'She should leave "Bits and Pieces" to Annabella Lu'... if Joan Jett wants to have fun making an Adam & the Ants record..."

"What Adam & the Ants?" exclaims Joan. "That drum stuff's from Gary Glitter and John Lydon."

"I was surprised at CREEM" Kenny goes on. "They were always up front with us. The reason you're doing this interview is because Joan likes CREEM."

"I didn't think it was enough to get upset about. CREEM always likes to slag me off, they like to get hold of me and just...it's a bum like Rick Johnson. I don't care, I don't *like* Rick Johnson." Our Rick destroyed the Runaways' fairly dire *Queens Of Noise* five years ago. "He was so wrong, it seemed like he sat there and decided ahead of time 'I don't like the Runaways'—forget about the album, forget about the music." Joan promises to beat him up if their roads should cross; tickets will be available from CREEM headquarters.

But these are minor quibbles compared to the breach of conduct (a big one by our standards) that occurred in *The Beat Goes On* section of the August '81 issue. Under a heading that read: "Jett Forsakes Touring For Reading" and a picture of her

Bob Leafe

"You can always find me at the bar," jokes zany Joan!!

Anne Hubbert/Photo Reserve

reading, CREEM in a car, was a predictably silly paragraph about how Joan had grown tired of performing in concert. Kenny isn't the slightest bit amused and brings up the subject for the second time when I question whether he's over-protective (mistake, mistake, but too late): "Am I *protective* is a better question. Who's the judge? The press? Who write jokes or print fucking pictures of her when she was 14 and fat? All they do is make an asshole out of her. They make up stories, they put quotes next to her picture that were never said which I thought was against the rules. And you say everybody knows. Wrongo. The magazine is read right across the world..."

Joan: "Kids believe the press, man. If the press says I'm going off the road the kids'll believe it. I'll *never* go off the road."

Laguna: "Overprotective of an artist who has been vindicated by the public? I feel that the press was a big protector of Joan Jett, but certain magazines are no better than CBS, they are conglomerate in their attitude and they think they're above everything else..." Well, you get the picture. And after more of the same Kenny calms down enough to admit, "Maybe we lost our sense of humor when Joanie was mistreated by the record industry, maybe that's it, maybe you're right, maybe we should be able to laugh a little bit." Laguna's ill temper is closer to amusing than annoying, in fact quite fun—especially when he's insulting somebody else, which he does a lot. Joan obviously loves him and when he leaves the room describes him in rapturous terms:

"Kenny's great. Kenny has balls. So many people don't have balls anymore. Everybody else said "Forget it, Joan Jett can't do it—no way.' Kenny and I are so much alike. We fought, we said 'Fuck it, if people won't take us this way we'll do it that way.' We fought because I wanted to play, I wanted to be on the road and Kenny wanted it to work; for some reason he believed in me, he saw something in me. And we fought, we fucking fought. And we did something that no one in the industry is going to forget for a long time. A good right to the ribs!"

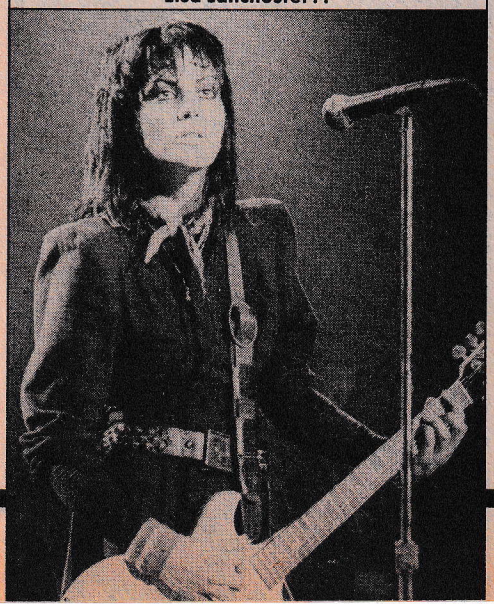
> ***"I love leather. It's not an image. It's like I can't keep away from it."***

I'm not sure if I'd term Joan Jett's perseverance "fighting the industry" but she has sure worked hard since forming the Blackhearts. *I Love Rock 'n' Roll* was made on the road.

"During the weekdays we'd be in the studio and during the weekends we'd travel around the New York area, the Northeast, doing gigs. So we were doing both without really stopping. Which was good I thought, it really kept us together, it kept us sharp."

"I work all the time—it's like being an athlete. I can do two months straight easily. We are supposedly one of the hardest touring bands in a long time and now we are thinking about cutting it down

Joan remembers school days with Elsa Lanchester!!



Dennis Zentek/HollyGraphs

a bit, maybe even take a couple of days off. I'm still going to work, but I like to relax a little, too. Even when I'm just hanging around my house I'll be writing songs and doing things like that, but I do like to work a lot. There's something, though, that I cannot do—I've seen people who can do it and I don't know how they manage it—that's night after night drinking and doing cocaine, shit like that I cannot conceive. I went through it a bit with the Runaways and it's madness. Plus, being the lead singer doing an hour and a half and headlining, I'm singing and screaming and running around the stage putting out all this energy. I couldn't go on stage with a killer hangover. It's something you learn with experience. Luckily the Runaways were a big learning experience. And that's another factor—I'm ready to kick ass now."

Kick ass now?" Joanie talks as though she's stepped straight out of 1972. I've cut out loads of "a-fucking-mazings" and "mans" stuck on the end of every other sentence, as in "in-fucking-credible-man." She's a complete throwback to long gone days of rock naiveté, as though the past five years haven't happened. I think it's that naiveté that attracts me to her music today. In 1982 the term "rock 'n' roll" is meaningless to me. I love music—all types of music, that's why I write about it, and I won't be stopped in that love by three little words that are more an archaic form of reference than a viable idiom. Worse still—words that are used to propagate a tired form of teenage rebellion, a rebellion that breaks hearts and kills people. They've realized that in England, which is why many writers term this the post-rock period. That doesn't mean that rock is dead either. It means that it depends who is using it and that now funk or reggae or disco or country or salsa are equally viable forms of expression for youth. It means that it's time America opened its eyes and realized that all that stuff the hippies and their icons and the 70's nihilists and their icons, and the punks and their icons were telling us DON'T WORK. When I suggest this to Joan she physically recoils. "It's the only thing that I know how to do. I could wash dishes in a cafeteria, I could probably be a waitress, though I'd be horrible. I could never be a dancer. I could never do any of that shit.

"Rock 'n' roll is where I belong and there's no way I'd do anything else. What do you want to call it? Rock? OK, call it rock, call it whatever you want, but I like to sweat. I get into it, I love it, I love what I'm doing. I've been doing it since I was 15 and when you start that young there's nothing else. I mean that guitar—man, it's my life."

Yes, well all right...but then I ask Joan who she listens to and she reels off a list of early 70's glitter queens with nary a *rock star*, a Jagger or a Townshend or a Dylan, among them: Gary Glitter, Bowie, T-Rex, Mudd, Sweet, (the inevitable) Suzi Quatro, Barry Blue. *I Love Rock 'n' Roll* itself is closer to this aesthetic, covers of bubblegum hits like "Crimson and Clover" (she did "Do You Wanna Touch Me" on *Bad Reputation*) and pop songs like Dave

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LETTER FROM BRITAIN

JAMMED UP, JELLY TIGHT

by Penny Valentine

Struggle after struggle
Year after year
The atmosphere's a fine blend of ice.
I'm almost stone cold dead
In a town called malice.
—"Town Called Malice," the Jam.

The keen political eye that punk brought to pop, even when it sounded its most nihilistic or anarchistic, has not been the main ingredient on the agenda for a while now.

Dance and nostalgia; arch technostrut and pop ballads, individualism and lyrics to effect a pose, not affect a generation...this was beginning to sound *de rigueur* for the 80's.

This month the Jam came up with "Town Called Malice" which, apart from a clever play on words, reflects an urban despair all the worse for its evocation of the current climate of political impotence; the grinding down of active dissent; the cruelty of a politics which relies, across Europe and America, on millions of unemployed to frighten the rest of the community into submission.

Paul Weller is outraged. His is not a lament, but a fury. It is only the third single this year to contain overtly political sentiment. Like the others, it does not even rely on traditional melodic lines to help it along. In many ways it is a sparse tune, particularly given Weller's normal reliance on melodic structure. Equally, it has had no trouble finding its success.

Not since the Specials' "Ghost Town" has a record so well captured an urban mood and sent out its own warning: "Better stop dreaming of the quiet life/'Cause it's the one we'll never know/ And quit running for that runaway bus/'Cause those rosy days are few."

The year started with Fun Boy Three. Nodding assent to Lieber & Stoller and "Little Egypt" for their slow grinding music, came their direct comment on Thatcher's Britain and the right's ascendence in "The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum."

"Take away my right to choose/Take away my point of view/Take away my dignity/Take these things from me..."

In the weeks that the single was at the top of the charts Lynval Goulding, one of the Fun Boy Three's two black singers, had his throat badly slashed in a racist attack.

The FNT's sentiments were bred, suitably (given "Ghost Town"), in the Specials' line-up. Ironic in that during their lifespan as a group the Specials were deliberately intent on side-stepping any vocal commitment to taking a stand. Doubly ironic when you consider that the second most pertinent political single of the year has been "The Boiler" by Rhoda—the Special AKA. Produced and partially put together by the Specials' Jerry Dammers, "The Bolier" is a documentary, a piece of pop realism. Although the form Rhoda takes to pronounce a flat post-punk near-monologue "vocal" has its own tradition in the more maudlin, reactionary aspects of popular music ("Deck Of Cards," etc.), the record was the first piece of personal politics/agitprop since Tom Robinson. Not only that but it revolved round a graphic description of a subject high on the agenda of British feminist politics—rape.

Although it was enormously successful (*because* it was?) the results are problematic. It brings the issue into the arena of contemporary culture, to an audience that might never have considered the subject in any depth. Yet the risk of voyeurism is ever present. Rhoda *is* the rape victim. By the end of the record she is, as she has been all along in her own eyes, a victim.

No such risks are attached to most of the songs on *The Gift*, the Jam's new album, from which "Town Like Malice" springs.

Much criticism has been mounted at Weller's apparent refusal to commit himself to organized political action, or indeed, to be specific about the terms of oppression. So the ironic thing about "Gift" is that it emerges not just at a time when Weller and Co. have made two surprising and unannounced appearances for "political" causes—CND's rally late last year and Rock Against Racism's re-emergence as an organizing force at the Right To Work march in early March—but in a time of general political doldrums. So "Gift," an indecisive, incomplete, somewhat directionless collection musically and a set which reflects Weller's own confusion between a salvation that lies with love and individualism or collective action, somewhat accidently reflects exactly the political climate at the moment.

The Grind has set in; there is a shortage of optimism. This week the government announced (we would have laughed if we had the energy) a re-introduction of that 40's institution the Home Guard, small private "armies" of local inhabitants who would protect military installations in the event of invasion; plus a form of army training and unofficial national service to keep the unemployed youth off the streets. Soon government "hand-outs" to the unemployed will be liable for tax.

Electronic music begins to sound like its own dance of death. As a friend said only the other day, it is the beginning of the computer musician. Just as workers will be replaced by robots, so even music will not need The Musician. Apocalyptic visions abound, the will to action suffused in some strange lethargy. The depression of a nation. Paul Weller brings in the horn section: "I was hoping we'd make real progress/But it seems we lost the power/ Any tiny step of advancement/Is like a raindrop falling into the ocean/We're running on the spot—always have, always will?"

On the other hand: "Think of the future and make it grow/Why don't you move together/And make your heart feel better."

Weller is at least still looking for a way to move his feet; elsewhere is proof positive that the art school dance does indeed go on forever, that nostalgia is exactly what it used to be. More of which next month.

"Eventually I'll attain true *Alfalfa*-hood!" hopes Paul Weller!!

EXTENSION CHORDS™

YAMAHA'S PRODUCER SERIES

by Allen Hester

As the saying goes, big things come in little packages. In this case it is the new Producer Series from Yamaha: a group of four components that enable one or several musicians, be they singers, guitarists, keyboardists or horn players, to play together, practice or write songs, or play along with pre-recorded music. With the addition of a tape recorder, the possibility of on-the-spot recording opens up. And that spot can be anywhere; on the bus, around the campfire, or in the limo. And to make it even sweeter, all of this creativity can be constructed in silence, using headphones, so that no matter what the hour or the location, the art of making music can be carried on. And the cost? Cheap.

This handsome quartet from Yamaha begins with the MA10 Mic/Line Headphone Amplifier and the MH10 Stereo Headphones. These are the most basic elements of the Producer Series. The MA10 has controls for Volume, Master Volume, Treble, Bass, Headphone Level, Auxiliary Input, and two Monitor inputs. The unit has jacks for Input, Headphone Out (two), Monitor In (two), Monitor Out (two), Aux In (left and right), Line Out (left and right), built-in Stereo Effect, battery power or AC adapter.

The MH10 headphones weigh only two ounces, and are able to sustain high volume levels. The phones have an open-air design, adjustable headband, and a 9-foot cable. With these two components, the user can plug in electric guitars, microphones, keyboards, and synthesizers. Using up to four line inputs and separate volume controls, instruments can be mixed with sounds from cassette players, radios, or other MA10's. The Line Outputs can be used to feed tape recorders, amplifier/speakers, and other MA10's. The headphone amp will even permit intentional distortion effects by using the Input and Master Volume controls; sounds similiar to those of large amps can be achieved, with bass and treble tone controls to further enhance the sound.

The "built-in stereo effect" comes from an analog delay line which produces a stereo effect from mono sound sources. Transistor radios can be enhanced in this way, and you can even use it with a television to create a broad, spacious effect for those gripping scenes on your favorite cop show or soap opera.

The beauty of this setup is that it is completely portable, battery-powered, small, and inexpensive. (Suggested retail for the MA10 is $124.95 and the headphones go for $29.95 a pair). It is not a recording system, as such, but it is designed to be used with a tape recorder, and the Producer Series components will greatly expand the capabilities of a simple stereo recorder. And, as more sets of MA10's and headphones are added, the more versatile the entire system becomes.

To illustrate this, take for example this setup: one MA10 headphone amp, two pairs of headphones, an electric guitar, a keyboard, and a portable cassette recorder. In this situation, the guitar and keyboard play along with the recorded music, and each person would hear both instruments and the tape. Volume and Master Volume affect only the guitar; Monitor 1 Volume affects only the keyboard, and the Aux Volume affects only the tape. The Headphone Level is an overall adjustment for all the sounds. The tape, of course, could be a song that the players are trying to learn, or it could just as well be tracks that the musicians themselves have already recorded using the existing setup.

The above situation does not even take into account the use of the MM10 Mic/Line Mixer. When this piece of equipment comes into use, the capabilities are again expanded. This mixer has the capacity to blend together up to four microphones, electric guitars, keyboards, and/or pre-recorded sounds.

The MM10 has all the features found in a basic 4X2 mixer. One can electronically blend two or more sounds together; adjust the volume of each sound independently of others or with a Master Volume control; place a sound at a particular point from left to right in stereo; preamplify; location record, monitor, and more. It can be used for mixing rehearsals while traveling, creating music-plus-narration soundtracks, and other applications. Once again, the cost is extremely affordable (suggested list, $109.95) so that young musicians can take full advantage of a system that teaches them about mixing sounds and about playing with other people. In contrast to sitting alone and practicing along with a record, young players who use the Producer Series can get the feel of playing with other people, so that they learn early on that they can only play so loud, or they drown everyone else out. (Some guys never learn that lesson!) And professionals will benefit from the convenience of being able to rehearse while traveling, or while cooped up in a motel room with nothing else to do but watch the tube. Since all this stuff is battery-operated, it can be used outdoors or anyplace where there's room enough to strum a guitar or play a keyboard.

And speaking of keyboards, that brings us to the last of the four components now available in the Producer Series: the CS01 Micro Monophonic Synthesizer. (Other components in this series are forthcoming). The CS01 is only about 20 inches long, yet it contains a 32-note keyboard and a full complement of features essential to sound synthesis. Pitch and modulation wheels, low frequency oscillator, variable glissando, control pitch and wave-form

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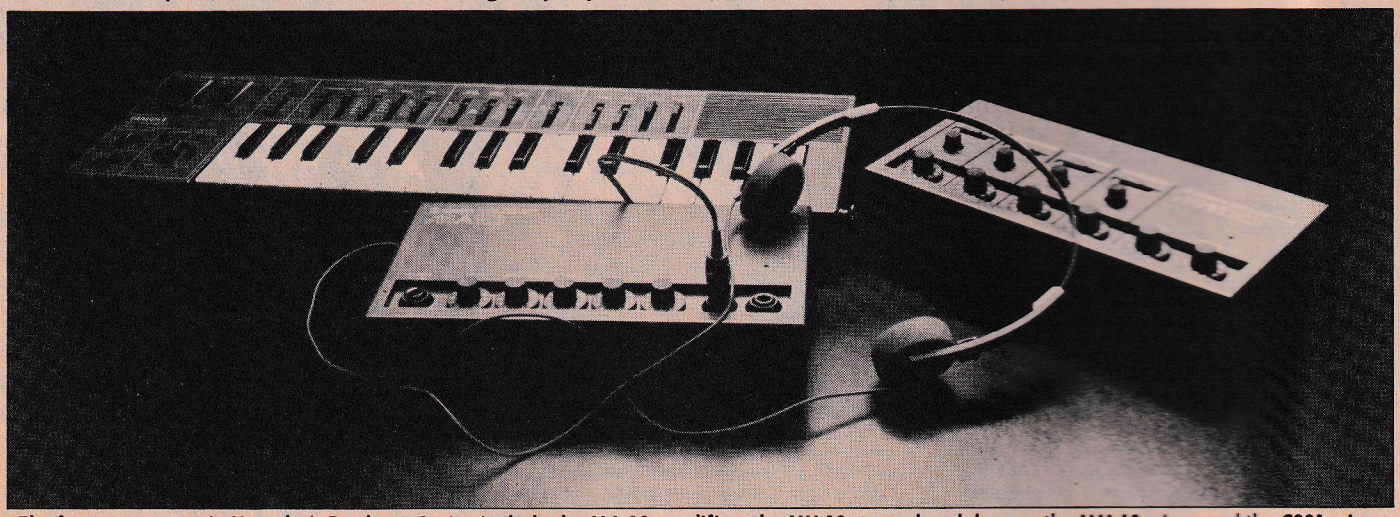

The four componets in Yamaha's Producer Series include the MA 10 amplifier, the MH 10 stereo headphones, the MM 10 mixer and the CS01 micro monophone synthesizer.

The most musically usable and intense effects available today are housed in virtually indestructible Lexan® polycarbonate cases which are scratch-resistant, impervious to shock and will look new for years. The Commande Series' large and accessible footswitch lets you engage the effect smoothly and quietly while a high intensity LED, positioned for maximum visibility and protected by the shape of the case, tells you when you're In Commande. A new pop-open battery access cover with a living hinge design that will last indefinitely enables you to change the batteries in a matter of seconds without tools. Convenient end-located jacks for input, output and remote AC power simplify the hookup of single effects and multiple effects chains.

The Commande Series embodies the implicit corporate philosophy at MXR. From day one, we've understood our products to represent more than mere hardware in the music-making process. Our signal processing devices are intended as individual instruments for the musician to use much as an artist uses a palette and a paintbrush. Colorations to enhance the music and focus a musician's individual means of creative expression. Transcending the hard-line parameters of electronic technology where signal processing becomes an art form in itself.

Time Delay

Providing audio delay times of 30 to 300 milliseconds, the Time Delay also features a Regeneration control for repeating echoes and hard reverb. Internal noise reduction circuitry produces a dynamic range greater than 85 dB.

Phaser

The Phaser's Sweep Control provides a wide range of usable phasing effects and Regeneration can be added for extra color and depth. Innovative switching technology allows higher signal levels without distortion and produces one of the most consistent phasing effects ever created.

Overdrive

The Overdrive offers the full range of distortion effects from a heavy fuzz with prolonged sustain to a more subtle tube saturation effect. Two controls allow adjustment of distortion and output levels.

Sustain

The Sustain produces smooth, natural-sounding compression and the punch of a dynamic attack by making automatic adjustments to the attack and release times in response to the rate of change of the input signal. Provides unbelievably long sustain.

Preamp

An instrument and transducer preamplifier, the Preamp's unique equalization circuit provides variable one-knob control of bass and treble boost or cut. A variable gain control offers from 0 to 20 dB of gain.

The Commande Series.

Another Original.

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DAVID LEE ROTH

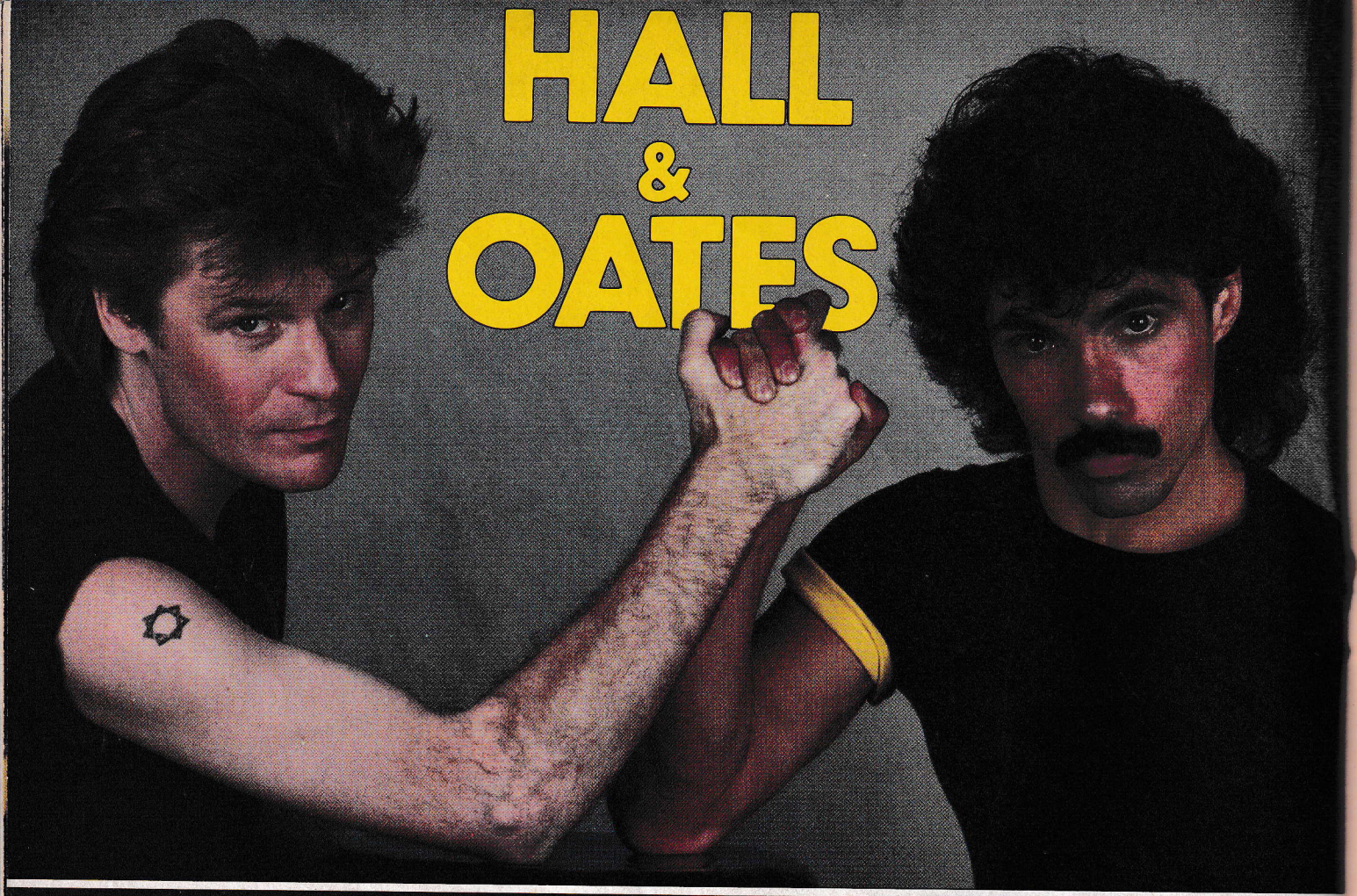
JUNE 1982

Neil Zlozower

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	THEY SAID IT! "You can't save everybody, but you gotta try." Bruce Springsteen in CREEM, October 1978 © Copyright 1982 CREEM Magazine Inc.	**1** Ronnie Wood b. 1947 Tom Robinson b. ? Nelson Riddle b. 1921 Jimmy McCarty b. ? Pat Boone b. 1934 Stones' 1st U.S. tour begins, 1964	**2** **ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS QUIZ** Charlie Watts b. 1943 Johnny "Bee" Badenjek b. 1948? (No way!) Beatles release *Sgt. Pepper* unleash wonton pretension in rock, 1967	**3** Allen Ginsburg b. 1926 Ian Hunter b. 1946 Suzi Quatro b. 1950 Michael Clarke 1st drummer for the Byrds b. 1944	**4** Gordon Waller (of Peter &) b. b. 1945 Murry Wilson, pater Beach Boy, d. 1973 Cliff Bennett b. 1940	**5** Floyd Butler b. 1941 Ralph J. Gleason, pater rock crits, d. 1975 Peter Albin b. 1944
6 Gary "U.S." Bonds b. 1939 Edgar Froese b. 1944 Beatles audition for George Martin, 1962	**7** Tom Jones b. 1940 Clarence White b. 1944	**8** Boz Scaggs b. 1944 Nancy Sinatra, Jr. b. 1940 Julie Driscoll Tippetts b. 1947 Stones survive '69 split with Brian Jones—so does Brian, briefly.	**9** Les Paul b. 1923 Cole Porter b. 1892 Jackie Wilson b. 1936	**10** Howlin' Wolf b. 1910 Judy Garland b. 1922 Shirley Alston b. 1941	**11** Joey Dee b. 1940 Frank Beard of ZZ Top b. 1949	**12** Charlie Feathers b. 1932 Bun E. Carlos b. ? Beatles bestowed MBE medallions (which John later returned), 1965
13 Clyde McPhatter d. 1972	**14** **FLAG DAY** Muff Winwood b. 1943 Rodney Argent b. 1945 Burl Ives b. 1909	**15** Waylon Jennings b. 1947 Harry Nilsson b. 1941	**16** Lamont ("Motown Sound") Dozier b. 1941 Steven Goulding of the Rumour b. 1954	**17** Barry Manilow b. 1949 Chris Spedding b. 1944 Dickie Doo b. 1939	**18** Paul McCartney b. 1942 Opening Day of the Monterey Pop Festival, 1967	**19** Ann Wilson b. 1950 Elaine "Spanky" McFarlane b. 1942
20 Brian Wilson b. 1942 Chet Artkins b. 1924 Anne Murray b. 1946 Bob Andrews of the Rumour b. 1949	**21** **FATHER'S DAY** Ray Davies b. 1944 Nils Lofgren b. ? O.C. Smith b. 1936	**22** Peter Asher b. 1944 Howard Kaylan b. 1945 Kris Kristofferson b. 1937 Elvis Presley reveals upper torso on *Ed Sullivan*, 1958	**23** Adam Faith b. 1940 June Carter Cash b. 1929	**24** Jeff Beck b. 1944 Mick Fleetwood b. 1947 Colin Blunstone b. 1945	**25** Carly Simon b. 1945	**26** Mick Jones b. 1955 Georgie Fame b. 1943 Sonny & Cher divorce, 1974
27 Richard Rodgers b. 1902 Lester Flatt b. 1914	**28**	**29** Garland Jeffreys b. ? Little Eva b. 1945 Lowell George d. 1979 Tim Buckley d. 1975	**30** Stanley Clarke b. 1951 Flo Ballard b. 1943 Buddy Rich b. 1917 Dave Von Ronk b. 1936 Cher weds Gregg Allman, 1975			

ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS QUIZ:
Born this day in 1937, this guy scored the first hit with an Otis Blackwell composition that would later be covered by Del Shannon and, more recently, James Taylor. He "mends broken hearts." Who is he?
Answer to last month's Rock 'N' Roll News Quiz:
Mick Jagger married his Nicaraguan "princess" Bianca on May 12, 1971.

CREEM® ROCK 'N' ROLL CALENDAR™



LAUGH ALL THE WAY TO THE SYNTH BANK

(Do Kraftwerk Sound Like Hall & Oates? No...Can Do)

by Susan Whitall

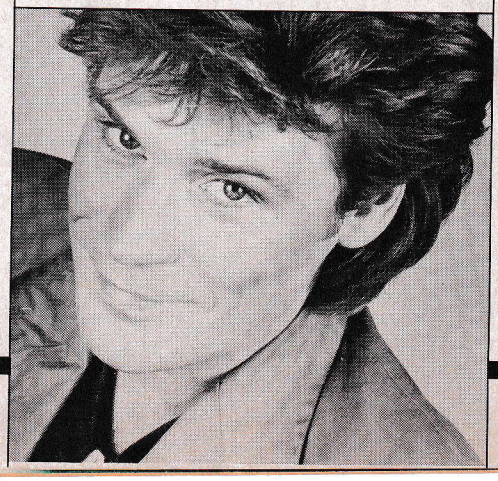
"...Now no one will be able to accuse us of being fags that sing like the Spinners."
—Daryl Hall, to Jaan Uhelszki, August 1977.

Five years have passed, and Hall & Oates have scored more gold and platinum hits in 1981 than any other duo/group. Their first self-produced albums, *Voices* and *Private Eyes*, are shaping up to be their most successful, a personal vindication for the decade-old pairing. After years of jumping from one musical pond to another, they seemed finally to have settled down into their own groove, having discovered the happy truth that the records they liked to make were also those that sold the most. Perfect, right?

Nah...not quite. Despite a fairly distinctive, airy sound on the last two albums, I've encountered people identifying everything from Paul Davis to a currently charting black artist as "Hall & Oates, isn't it?" More than one person greeted the news that I was writing this story with: "Well, they're gay, right? They live in New York, and they're gay." New York may have changed since I was there a few months ago, but I think there still are some heteros hanging around. I even know a few.

> **"We were pioneers. --John Oates"**

Maybe you hearda me, me 'n the boys got this LP on Elektra called *Gulliver* and, um...



1973: "She's Gone" and *Abandoned Luncheonette* enter my frenzied collegiate consciousness, oozing seductively from my roomate's perpetually "on" clock radio. The box is always turned to "Staryaryayr-o ...Is-*land*," and Daryl and John's Ruffin/Kendricks vocal byplay backed with an irresistible, hook-laden blend of strings, spacey guitar and saxophone played through a synthesizer, leap out from the usual Bread mush quite appealingly. Soon the *Luncheonette* LP makes its debut on our dorm floor, owned by the girl who was always telling us *things we still didn't know* about sex, and using the shower room for trysts with...more than one guy. I figured this band had to be pretty lurid.

At that point in their career, their second Atlantic LP, and their third year in New York, Daryl and John were trying every possible sound, in the hopes that one would snag the record-buying public... without much success. Then "She's Gone" took off, and the third Atlantic record, *War Babies* was released (produced by Upper

photos by Lynn Goldsmith

Darby, PA's Todd Rundgren), quite a departure from any previous H&O product. People who particularly like *War Babies* are generally happy that Hall & Oates are surrounding themselves with strange noises on the 1980's hits, although it seems to be assumed that if "Babies" had hit it big, that hard-edged Delaware Valley sound would have been with Hall & Oates a bit longer.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Sound Of Pottstown and North Wales, PA?

I thought my first encounter with Hall & Oates had been via radio, but as John grew up in North Wales—just up the Sumneytown Pike from my childhood home—and Daryl hails from Pottstown, right between Philadelphia and Reading, I may very well have rubbed elbows with either at a hot pretzel stand or Connie Mack Stadium or something...Daryl, particularly, is vehement about calling himself a New Yorker, having lived there since 1970, but *we all know* no New Yorker is really from New York, the formative years have always been spent elsewhere. In Daryl and John's case, I do think it matters. You don't realize until you get out of Philadelphia to go somewhere else that the neighborhoods and schools are more integrated and area radio is more dominated by black music. White kids jump onto black music because, coming off the radio, it sounds more fun and usually danceable and the clothes are usually better. It's nothing conscious, it's just another style to choose from, growing up there. The other popular style was Italian cool (due to a sizable Italian population), which was similar to black cool, involving European-cut shirts, tight black pegged pants, etc. When we moved to the midwest and my suburban Philadelphia-bred brother wore Cuban heels to his new junior high school, he was immediately yanked into the principal's office and given a quick primer in midwestern preppie style. So when Daryl and John say they can't relate to West Coast musicians, musically, aesthetically or otherwise, I know what they're saying. *Philadelphia.* You can go to New York and get by, but forget the rest of the country, they don't want to know. ("*Nobody* in America cares about shoes," Daryl complained later.)

☆ ☆ ☆

"The guys were all yelling for Joan Jett. Admittedly, there were screams from the girls for Hall & Oates."—a line from a newspaper review of a Hall & Oates/Joan Jett show.

Well, we know what *girls screaming* means. Bay City Rollers, Monkees, icky girlie pablum. Guys yelling—that's sexual but OK. With Hall & Oates, if they're not gay, they're creampuffs who dare to make girls swoon over their brylcreemed quiffs. *Oooooo.*

☆ ☆ ☆

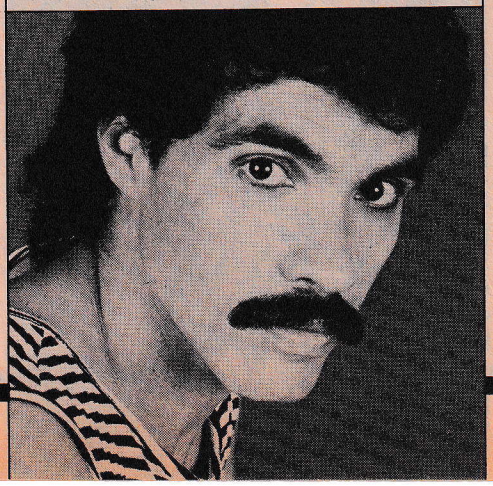
Hall & Oates In Concert: February, 1982, Toronto

I figure a Maple Leaf Gardens audience waiting to see Hall & Oates, Joan Jett & the Blackhearts *and* industry upstart Aldo Nova to be a pretty interesting study in itself, and for once I'm not mistaken. Clean—these kids are so clean and polite to each other, even in full post-modernist punk regalia. Even the fat girl who sits mostly *on me* for three or so hours in sympathetic—she just overlaps the chair, and *can't help it*, she's not invading my space. Her hearty Canadian warmth keeps my body thermometer at a comfortable chilly spring day temperature, so why fight it? Pressing hard on my other side were two cheerful mid-teen girls, *obviously Daryl Hall fans*, who snuck cigarettes into their corn-fed cheeks in between sets, let loose blood curdling screams whenever they recognized a song, and look astonished at my calm journalistic, note-taking demeanor. Aldo Nova had come and done his thing for the Gardens; we blew in just before Joan Jett's set. Iman Lababedi writes the truth elsewhere in this issue when he mentions seeing numerous Joan Clones at her shows: I must have counted 20 close-cropped black heads walking around in black Pro-Keds before I gave up. What went through these spikey little heads later, when Daryl and John came on to croon "She's Gone"? To add to this pan-Canadian melting pot are the "adults" who either want the Hall & Oates hits from the days of their youth fed to them in a smooth, civilized manner with *no standing up*, or they want their 1970's/

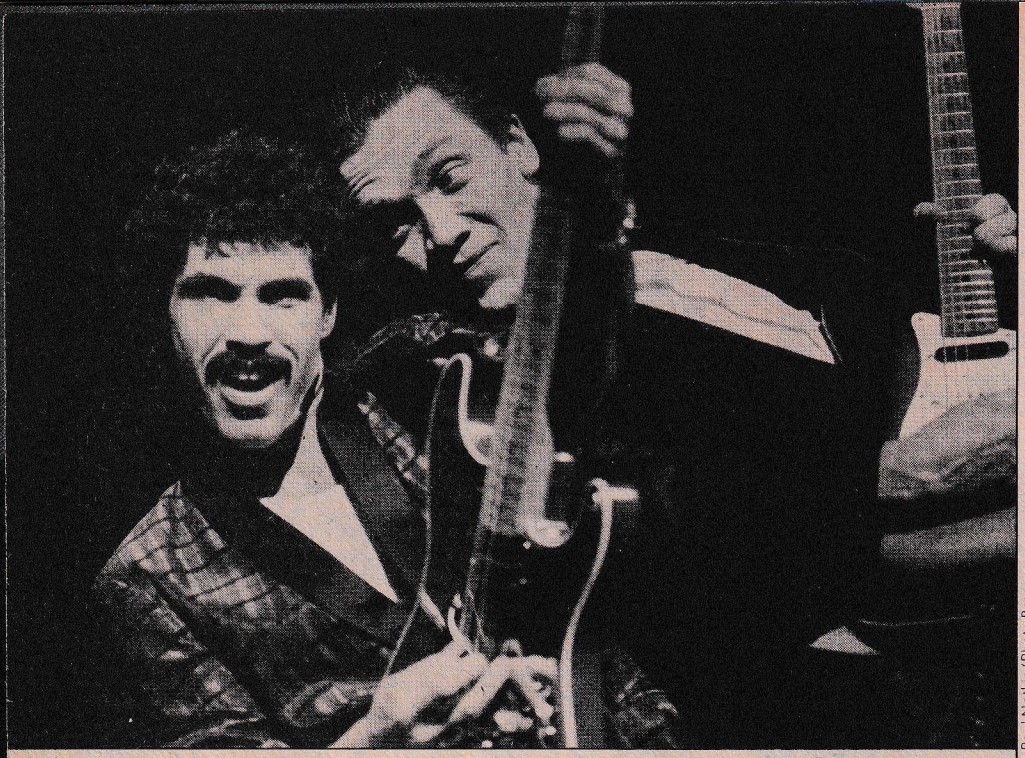
Eber Roberts

"The English... everything has to do with sexual perversion!" --Daryl Hall

I have *no opinion* about Cuban refugees!!



Lynn Goldsmith



Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

A knowing G.E. thinks of Francis the talking mule...then *shuts up!!*

more of a fellow traveler from the Quaker City, who wanted to finally make journalistic contact with these multi-platinum soul boys who ate the same junk food and saw the same kiddie shows I did, back in our old Pennsylvania homes. More notes on sexuality: not only are there women backstage, but a whole caravan of blondes arrive together, to be greeted by Daryl and John as old and dear pals. Some are young, some older, but they're all eerily reminiscent of gauzy mid-60's Playmates, with "finished" hair and soft curves. This ripe femininity pervades the locker room/backstage to such an extent that I feel part of some huge harem. Daryl and John look happy. Nobody can find any wine.

☆☆☆

"Why do I like the song 'No Can Do'? Because it's like...Kraftwerk."—The office Can aficionado.

Well, he listens to Can—I listen to a black radio station, and I think the drum synthesizer intro and the synth lines running through the song sound..."urban," shall we say, to avoid further racial labeling/polarization. Proof: way back during Super Bowl festivities a televised party from a downtown bar featured a black cover band doing a flawless version of "No Can Do," drum synth intro and all. Official H&O comment: "*Great*, we can hire them to go on the road for us."

The reason for detailing the band's sparer self-production and the cool, flippant use of synths is this: the band's basic strength is their voices, and the instrumental back-up is finally as quirky and intense as their vocals, instead of enveloping them in lush waves of strings, or flailing armies of guitars. I mentioned Soft Cell to Daryl and John, and was about to point out a similar vocal/instrumental relation... in a bent sort of way...but never got to that point, as Daryl exclaimed, "Soft Cell? (To John) *Was that* the band we saw on TV? It was? Aaaaaaaargh! That guy, the lead singer, wearing all that make-up!" He pulled a disgusted face. So much for comparative rock criticism.

☆☆☆

H&O Confab, Ponchartrain Hotel, Detroit

I prefer to wing questions out *as life goes on*, in varied locales, but the specific Q-and-A session makes people feel better, and is inevitable. Topics discussed:

Machines Vs. Us.

Daryl boldly claimed responsibility for his machines, stating firmly that synthesizers were a great tool now within the reach of many, unlike the old days of the first ARPs when considerable technical ability was necessary. John noted that the new synths were perfect for their road work, being easily programmed and left at that. The sort of mensch machine theory of Kraftwerk scoffed at as old-fashioned automaton nonsense.

An English review of "I Can't Go For That (No Can Do)"

Daryl: "I saw that, yeah! He said it was a *bondage song*. The English...everything has to do with sexual perversion! The English press is *great*..."

The New Cover on Voices? (*A Puzzler*

TURN TO PAGE 59

80's AM/FM top pop Hall & Oates hits presented to them nicely, with no jostling and *no standing up*. This causes a bit of gnashing of teeth and sighs among the youths, but it being Maple Leaf instead of Madison Square Gardens, the black clouds soon disperse and all is cool and chummy at the home of the T.O. Maple Leafs' dogged but futile attempts at hockey. After Daryl and John run through a few newer numbers, they trot out "Rich Girl" and I feel a surge of Philly dog pride as the audience goes a little nuts. Here are these two Wissahickon river rats, playing their old Marvelettes 45's (via the warm-up tape) in front of thousands, dancing like hyperactive street urchins, and punctuating their best-known megahits with improvised screaming (Daryl sings "Because your kiss—AAAARGH!—is on my list...") ...and getting paid Canadian oil dollars for it.

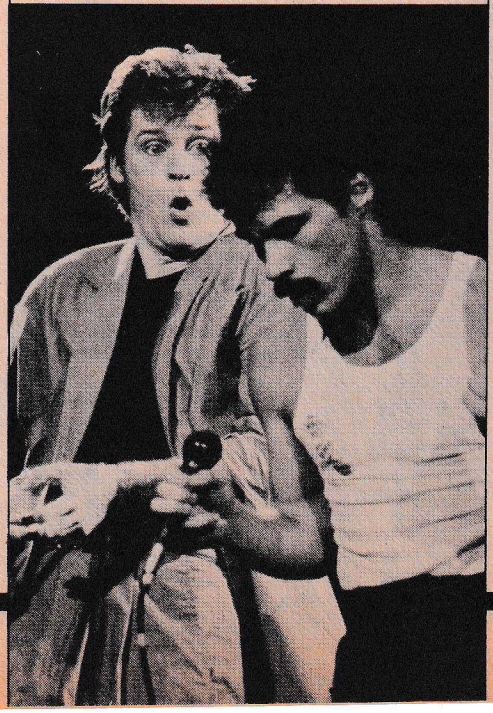
Next, the band is allowed to go hog wild introducing itself, going all out to spoof the clichē-ness of the situation by hamming it up gaily. Mickey "White Dog" Curry dishes up a shameless, epic "Wipe-Out," hotshot guitarist G.E. Smith is all over the place, banging his head with his guitar and staying in tune, lying on the floor, throwing up his guitar gaily and—as 10,000 or so were my witness—having it plop back into his hands *in a chord*. Bass player Tom "T-Bone" Wolk plays his instrument up over his head, backwards, to great cheers. But the saxophone always brings the house down; Charlie "Mr. Casual" DeChant gets the most audience response when he takes his horn for the traditional stroll.

The show winds to an end, Daryl and John both stripping down to t-shirts (a Northerner near me exclaims of Daryl: "He's *skinny*!") for their last numbers, which include John singing a spirited "Funky Broadway" and garnering more points as having the best on-stage rhythm. Show over, I glide effortlessly backstage, my path smoothed countless times by persons in command of various Gardens

> **"The reason why a lot of avant-garde music doesn't sell is because it stinks. --Daryl Hall"**

posts; indeed, when I enter the outer backstage area *a guy is yelling my name*. I respond: it's Randy Hoffman, a member of the Hall & Oates Champion Entertainment management team, ready to process me back into the inner sanctum. He sized me up immediately as a gurrrrl: "Oh, you like Daryl, right?" I quickly identified myself as

John *ruins the show* by singing "Y.M.C.A.!!!



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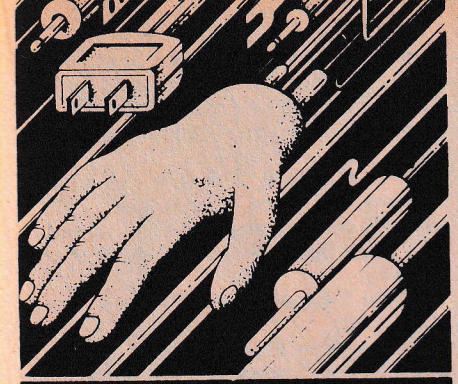

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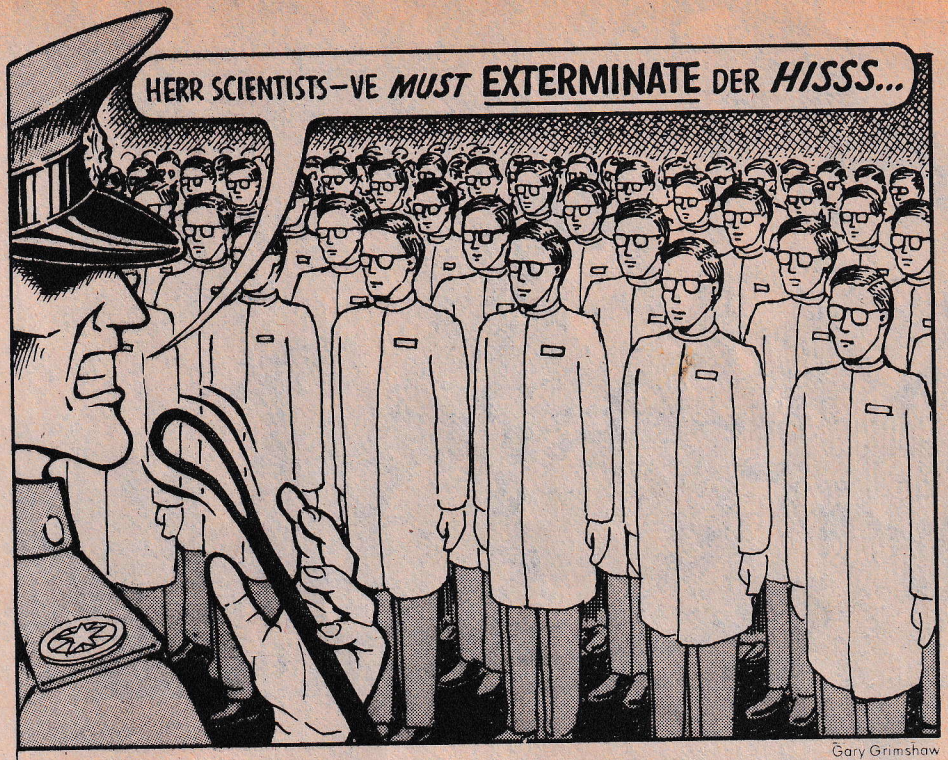


Gary Grimshaw

ROCK WITHOUT NOISE

by Richard Robinson

In electronic parlance *noise* is any sound produced by machinery which is not part of the signal passing through that machinery. Noise occurs in both audio and video electronics, and equipment manufacturers go to great lengths to eliminate or at least limit the amount of noise present to the eye and ear of the equipment user.

To experience pure electronic noise, turn on your stereo and without putting on a record or a tape, turn up the volume control to its maximum setting. Unless you have an absolutely perfect system, you'll hear a certain amount of hiss coming from the stereo speakers. The hiss is electronic noise, produced by your stereo components as they do their job.

Normally, the listener doesn't hear much of the noise present in an electronic system because the signal (record, audio tape, videotape, radio or TV broadcast) is stronger (louder) than the noise. So while the noise is still there, it goes undetected. This phenomenon is described in terms of *signal to noise ratios*. If the signal is stronger than the noise, has a good signal to noise ratio, then the noise will not be apparent.

The better the stereo system design, the better the signal to noise ratio. The same is true for the signal source. High quality audio and video tapes, strong radio and TV broadcasts, well pressed records—all have very acceptable signal to noise ratios. But noise is still present, and in certain circumstances it can become an annoying element in the overall sound (hiss, rumble, distortion of the music you're listening to) or picture (streaky, snowy, blurry pictures).

Noise is particularly a problem with audio tape recordings. The very mechanics of the tape recorder produce noise as the tape rubs across the recording and playback heads, not to mention noise that is produced in the recording process by microphones, mixing boards, and amplifiers; noise is also generated by the process of transferring the master tape recording to tape copies or to records.

Audio noise is something that engineers and consumers lived with for years as part of the overall sound produced. But as narrow cassette tapes running at very slow speeds were introduced, the signal to noise ratio fell to the point where the noise was gaining over the signal.

In order to combat the noise, manufacturers turned to several systems which processed the signal to reduce the noise without affecting the signal. First came the Dolby system, then dbx, and most recently CX. All of these systems encoded and then decoded the recorded signal at various points in the recording and playback process to suppress the tape hiss and other unattractive noise factors while allowing the signal to maintain its integrity from guitar in the studio to listeners' ears at home.

As a record producer I've worked with both Dolby and dbx (both trademarked, highly original systems) and frankly found both of them ultimately let me down when it came to recording and reproducing high energy rock 'n' roll music. I personally think the tape hiss is part of the record energy, that when creating electric music all the electronics (be they guitar, amplifiers, tape recorders, or stereo systems) are part and parcel of the act of making rock music. So eventually the first thing one did on a session was tell the engineer to take the noise reduction units out of the studio, because no matter what the technical claims of the system manufacturers, I felt that the noise reducers took the heart and soul out of the sound along with the hiss.

Recently CBS Records introduced a new noise reduction system which they've named CX. According to Dick Asher, chief operating offers of the CBS Records Group, CX is "...An important aspect of our quality drive...to reduce the surface noise of LPs and to increase the dynamic range of recorded music."

That is all very well in theory, and may work as well as Dolby and dbx in practice, but CX, like its competitors, faces one problem: what does it do to the music while it's busy getting rid of noise? Now in theory, all noise reduction systems do nothing to the music. And that may be true on Donny Osmond and Up With People records as well. But, as I say, when it goes to driving, full blast rock music, I have yet to hear (or should I say 'not hear'?) a noise reduction system that didn't take the edge off along with the hiss.

The amusing thing about all this is that there is a recording process that has theoretically no noise at all: digital recording. The very nature of digital recording (converting the audio signal to computer pulses) is noiseless. And if any work should be done in getting rid of noise, it should be in making advancements in this area.

But the funny thing about digital recordings is that the lack of noise is apparent. In their own way digital recordings are like noise reduction processed recordings: some of the essential electricity of the recording is missing.

Unfortunately, consumers are often not given a choice as to whether they want to live with energetic hiss or filtered noise free recordings. Because all noise reduction systems are claimed to be compatible with normal stereo systems (meaning you can play a Dolbyed tape on a machine without a Dolby decoder), the public is often presented with noise reduced records and tapes without a chance to hear what the original recording sounded like. Frankly, I'd like a choice, or at best I could do without the noise reduction at all. But the advent of CBS's CX system as the third major noise reduction system suggests that the time has arrived when all records and tapes will have some sort of processing to achieve theoretical signal to noise levels.

The real problem is that the people in the laboratories developing the patents don't seem to spend a lot of time out in the world listening to rock music. Or maybe it's just that their eardrums are different than mine...

"Essentially, 'Green Tambourine' is us...but there's always that small contingent of Lemonpipers fans who put us in our place," moans the bemused crew!!

Laura Levine

X'S WILD LOS ANGELES GIFT:

SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE, PLEASE!

by Richard Grabel

X are finally getting some respect. Their first album, *Los Angeles*, released in 1980 on the independent Slash label, sold some 80,000 copies, not bad for an independent release. Their second album, *Wild Gift*, also on Slash, has done almost as well sales-wise, but with the critics it's been an unqualified smash. *Wild Gift* was voted the best LP of 1981 by the music critics of the *New York Times*, the *L.A. Times*, and by the *Village Voice*'s national poll of rock critics. In hometown L.A. they are local stars, able to sell out any venue they choose to play. Around the rest of the country they pull large crowds wherever they go. All this finally made the music industry sit up and take notice, and X has just signed a deal with Elektra Records. Not bad for a punk rock band.

A punk rock band? X don't really like to think of themselves that way.

"A rock 'n' roll band," singer Exene says. "I think it's safe to return to that now. We've been waiting for the day when we finally would not *have* to be a punk band anymore."

Though their rhythms are often taken double-time, the roots of X's music are indeed in rock 'n' roll tradition. Rock 'n' roll and tradition, when put together, can produce something as stale and old as yesterday's beer—unless you are that rare band that can dig out the rebellion and beauty and spirit that rock 'n' roll is meant to mean from where it's buried, and make it live.

> ***"I'll be damned if I'm going to be a martyr for an independent record company."***
> **--John Doe**

To be that kind of rock 'n' roll band in the time and place (Los Angeles, 1978) where X got their start, you almost had to be a punk band. Which is why X started that way.

"Right," Exene agrees. "That's a very good point."

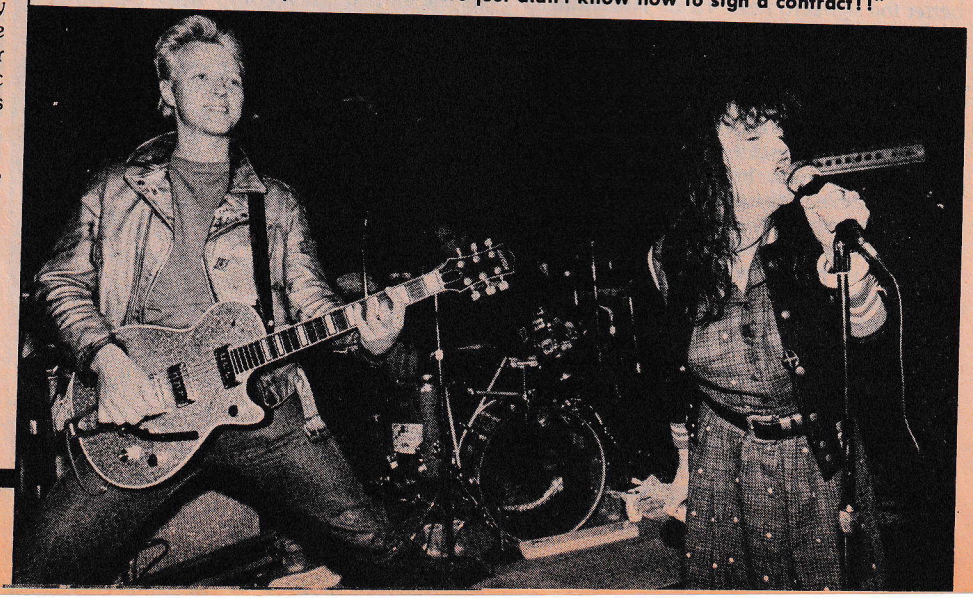
"When Alan Freed made up the term rock 'n' roll," singer/bassist John Doe adds, "the people that were playing what had been called popular music, people like Frank Sinatra, didn't want to be called that. And the other guys, like Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins, did. But rock 'n' roll's definition got too diffused, it didn't mean anything. So with punk, people could call themselves punk as a way of keeping out the other people, Linda Ronstadt might try to call herself new wave but she would never call herself punk."

But it is more than style, exclusivity or the speed of their rhythms that make X a punk band. Punk promised to free pop from its conventions. John Doe and Exene, who write the songs here, keep faith with that promise by writing love songs that deal with love in a non-romantic context, outside the bounds of normal pop morality. The clear-headedness with which they look at their lives is itself an extension of the punk revolution.

Why does it work so well? One reason is John and Exene's ability to write about love without sentimentality, to be defiant without posturing. Another is X's ability as a band to push themselves to the limit of their abilities and no further. This is punk in the hands of musicians trying to make it not more sophisticated, but more effective.

Finally, it works because X have the right combination of people. In their group dynamic, the balance to John and Exene's earnest intellect is guitarist Billy Zoom's taciturn bad-boy moodiness and rockabilly classicism. Zoom fronted his own rockabilly outfit, the Billy Zoom Band, which released several records on the Rolling Rock label, and toured with Gene Vincent's last back-up band. He's the kind of guy who'll stroll up in the midst of an earnest discussion of X's songs to announce "I think 'Be Bop A Lu La' is the greatest lyric ever written." In his guitar

"Our real name is the *Space Potatoes*—we just didn't know how to sign a contract!!"



Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

photos by Laura Levine

One day we'll say we were "Exene" and "John Doe" and people will secretly *laugh*!!

playing the influence of heroes like Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran and Scotty Moore shines through the hard punk riffing.

Drummer Don "D.J." Bonebrake has played in marching bands, bossa nova bands, Dixieland bands and classical symphony orchestras. But none of this shows up in his playing with X, where he invents all the time but never embellishes.

"Right" he says. "That was the Tommy Ramone influence. When I heard him I decided that simpler was better. Just play what fits into the song. A lot of drummers try to throw in every lick they ever dreamed of."

But most of all it works because of the singing and songwriting of John and

> ***For me, if I'm going to write something, I have to feel it so deeply that I just couldn't not write it.***
> **--Exene**

Exene. Their vocal style is built on soaring trade-offs, their voices flying and bouncing around each other. They met at a poetry workshop in Venice, California, one that

"*One* day we'll find the right trailer park," vows this zany L.A. socialite!!

Tom Waits and Beat poet Charles Bukowski had previously attended, and their writing shows a very literary attention to detail and image, and a pervasive warmth and humanism. They are married, and their best songs are written from the inside of a love affair—a difficult one, full of pain and pleasure.

The rock-pop vocabulary has just recently opened up to the real issues of the sexual battleground, with sexually integrated groups like the Au Pairs and the Delta 5 leading the way. X add another dimension by having the songs deal with the relationship of the two people singing them. Private battles and traumas are worked out publicly in their art, without any easy, artificial solutions being imposed.

"White Girl" and "When Our Love Passed Out On The Couch," for example, deal with temptation and the dilemma of infidelity in an "open" relationship. This particular emotional minefield has rarely been so succinctly traversed.

"White Girl," Exene says, "was just an experience where we were living together and John was attracted to another woman. For him to have to deal with it, and for me to have to deal with it, and for him to write a song about it, and for us to sing it together—that's an interesting way to get your frustrations and emotions worked out."

Listening to X's songs can be like walking in on a private conversation.

"That's what good writing is all about. Being so personal and specific that everyone can relate to it. The old sort of thing, 'I loved my baby and she left me,' I

mean, so what? But if you can give real specific details of your relationship, people can identify with it more. I don't consider what we do brilliant, but I consider it personal enough so that you can get something out of it."

John: "Too many people in writing lyrics have shied away from the range of human experience. I think if there's anything we've done it's in not being afraid to write what we feel..."

Is it hard, making private things public?

"Naw, that's just writing. You just try to be as honest with yourself as you can. You feel good when you can capture something that's a part of your life and write it down."

Some of your lines say more about their topics than almost anything I've read or heard. Like about infidelity: "*I hate it/I love you/I hate that I need to know what you do.*"

John: "That's a real syndrome, isn't it? I guess what's good is taking something that is really obvious and then saying it. John Lennon did that when he wrote that he was just a jealous guy."

Is your relationship as tempestuous as your songs suggest?

Exene: "Off and on. But isn't that what tempestuous means?"

John: "Not really. Whenever you make something, a film or a book or a song, it magnifies things. The songs go over a period of time, but you hear them all at once."

Exene: "For me, if I'm going to write something I have to feel it so deeply that I just couldn't not write it. So you write the deepest, saddest moments, or the most weird, or the best. You go to the extremes and write about that stuff, rather than just writing 'La de da, me and John la de da'."

☆ ☆ ☆

I talk with X during a break in the rehearsals in preparation for recording their third album (and first for Elektra). The place is a rehearsal studio on Santa Monica Blvd. in L.A.. The band is there, and Ray Manzarek, the former Doors keyboardist who has produced their first two records and is again doing the honors, and engineer Clay Rose, an unsung hero in the X story. We talk about careers and critical acclaim and John Doe tells me a story.

"I come from Baltimore, and last Christmas Exene and I went back there to visit. We went to a party, and John Waters (director of gross-out films like *Pink Flamingos* and *Polyester*) was there. And he said to us, 'You guys are in the same position in your careers as I am. You want to take your clippings of your reviews in the *New York Times* and take them back to the bank and say, will you accept these as down payments on a house.'

"That relates a lot to our signing with Elektra. Because you get to a point where you realize that you're not going to be doing this when you're 50. So when you realize that, you think to hell with it. If the record company is going to give you a good deal, a fair shake and let you create your music, why not?"

Exene: "We never thought that a major label would have the mentality of Joe Smith (Elektra's president), that a major label could be trusted and respected."

John: "When we talked to Joe Smith, he was putting down groups on his label like the Eagles, who don't make records. In the old days big groups would make a record every year and that would subsidize the more experimental groups on the labels. He said he wants to work with groups that want to make records, not groups that want to sit around in their houses. He also really seemed to respect our opinions about how to get the music out and around. He admitted that if his company had our first album *Los Angeles*, they wouldn't have known what to do with it."

What so you say to old fans when you hear that you've sold out by signing with a major label?

Exene: "We haven't heard that yet. Isn't that amazing? That was something I worried about. And it didn't happen at all. Either in the press I've seen or with any of the people I talk to. Especially not with our fans, they are very happy for us."

John: "I think everyone pretty much understood it. Even Slash, 'cause I'll be damned if I'm going to be a martyr for an independent record company."

Exene: "We heard complaints when we put our first record out on Slash. I was completely amazed. People would say 'oh, how can you do that?' and I was just, well, what are we supposed to do? Make cassettes in our garage and hand them out at gigs? And at that point I realized that statements about bands selling out come from people who see you as being a personal band that belongs to them and who don't want to let go of that."

X are proud of the fact that they have not come by their success alone, but as

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part of a group of L.A. bands that started out together, have consistently helped each other out along the way, and are now reaping the rewards of hard work. They've been especially close to the Blasters, a truly rockin' group out of Downey, California, whose Slash LP has just been picked up for distribution by Warner Brothers.

John: "Actually I'm very happy that we started when we did and are not starting out now. It's harder for new groups now because L.A. thinks it has its "new music" —us, the Blasters, the Go-Go's, and it doesn't have to worry about going out to see something new. There aren't as many clubs as there used to be so it's harder for bands starting out.

"But it's great that the Go-Go's have done what they've done, that the Blasters have been on television, that we've been on television, that we got signed to Elektra and the Circle Jerks got signed to IRS and the Unknown got signed to Sire."

Manzarek: "Let's get Top Jimmy And The Rhythm Pigs in there...They're not signed yet but they're going to be a national band too. Great blues band. It's only a matter of time."

John: "There's a pretty strong rhythm and blues renaissance here, with Top Jimmy, Fast Phreddie and The Precisions, the Plugz and some others. The Blasters sort of fall into that category, not that they're rhythm and blues but that they draw more directly from older music."

Why is this happening now?

"I think that after you divorce yourself from the older music for awhile so you can make new music, then you can go back and use your influences from teenage and childhood.

"I think the record labels are finally realizing that they just can't keep holding on to the same people, that there's got to be some new music coming up somewhere. But I still believe, even though we've signed to Elektra/Asylum now, that they are now as responsive as they could be to new bands. The Plugz should be signed to a mjaor label, a lot of groups. Even the Circle Jerks and Black Flag, the hardcore. There are a lot of fucked up angry teenagers all over the United States, not just in L.A."

The next X album will have one cover song, a Leadbelly blues called "Dancing With Tears In Your Eyes," and a lot of new songs that John and Exene wrote during a binge of writing in December. Hearing the new songs in rehearsal and played live, I thought they sounded like X songs should sound—soaring vocal melodies, hard and dynamic guitar parts, strong and rippling rhythms. They sounded great.

"I think the next album is going to be stronger and clearer," John says. "Instead of using the money to make more of a production I think we'll use the money to get stronger individual performances, getting the right vocal take with fewer punch-ins from one line to the next, getting really strong guitar parts without as many overdubs. It's hard to say, but that's what we've got in mind."

Exene: "We've been pretty rushed in the studio in the past. Getting all those mentions as best record of the year for *Wild Gift* just seems so funny because

TURN TO PAGE 59

FORGED IN THE FIRES OF HELL!

IRON MAIDEN

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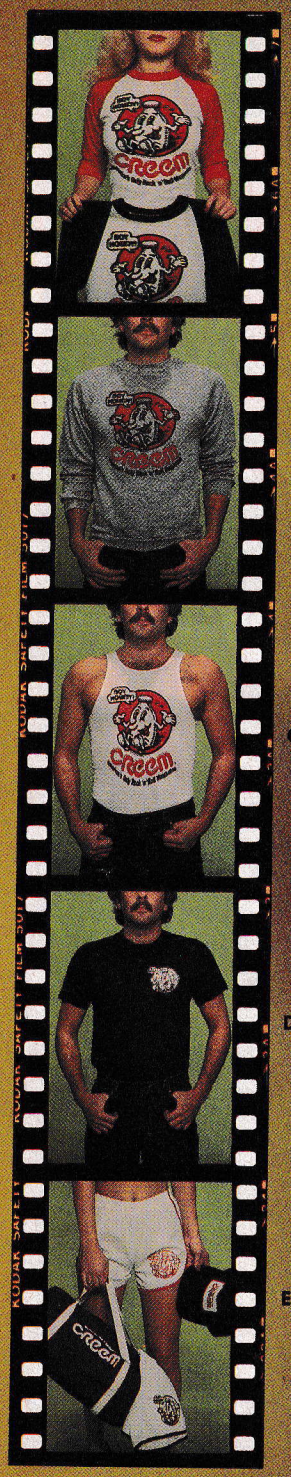

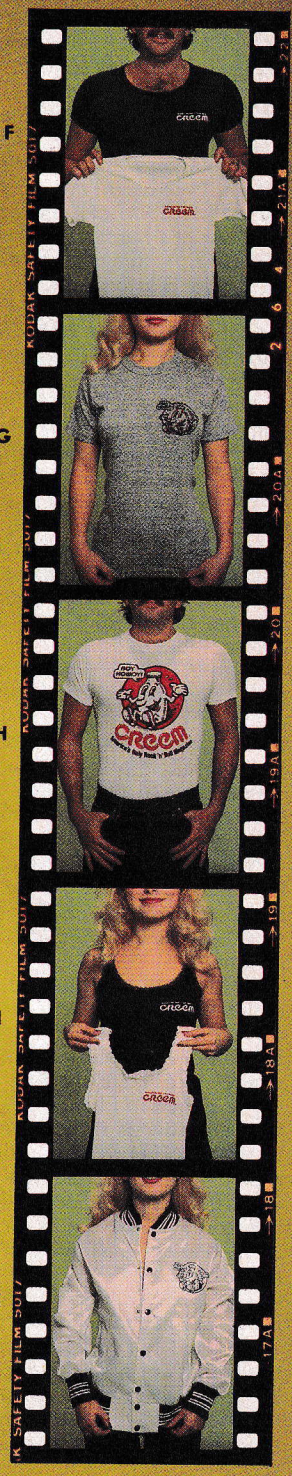

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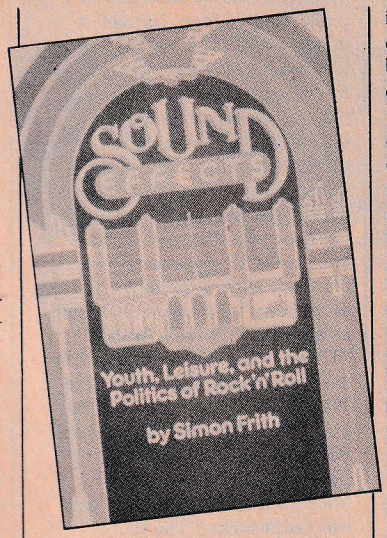
Pithy Frith Froth Follows Forth

SOUND EFFECTS: YOUTH, LEISURE, AND THE POLITICS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL
by Simon Frith
(Pantheon)

by Toby Goldstein

Are you ready for a graduate course at the college of musical knowledge? Does the academic language of sociology coupled to a fan's love of the big beat sound like a tantalizing framework for yet another history of rock 'n' roll? Does the appearance of footnotes make you want to throw a hefty tome out the window and brain an unsuspecting passer-by? Those who fearlessly answered yes to the first two questions and claim to be unfazed by pages of nagging little references stand to gain a valuable perspective on the longevity of Anglo-American bop from professor/CREEM writer Simon Frith's painstaking study.

Frith attempts to cover a huge canvas in *Sound Effects*. A partial



list of matters explained: why are rock tastes so different in the U.S.A. and the U.K.; for what purposes have fans over the years used rock 'n' roll; exactly how do our "gatekeepers"—the record companies, radio stations, concert promoters and music magazines—determine which performers we get to hear and ever get away with telling us what to think of them; why the increasingly tight-assed music business needs to be slapped in the face by exciting upstarts, even though success too often brings the outsiders in from the cold.

The rock industry, posits Frith, is a huge contradiction. It is comfortable being bland, but when it's too bland, even the mass audience will stop caring because their need for the new isn't being satisfied. The aggressive young trailblazer who hates big business enlarges that business by his very success. Rock 'n' roll is about finding fun, but getting to the enjoyment is a struggle that increases with the size of the reward.

Frith describes how the rise of youth culture, including rock, happened as a post-World War II event, when teenagers had freedom and disposable income. But within their millions-strong legions, young people from different backgrounds, particularly in Britain, listened to rock for specific purposes, and still do. From surveys he'd conducted in the early 70's, Frith found that working-class teenagers used rock as a backdrop for dancing or hanging out, while college-bound students tended to get involved with songs for their own sake, helping to make them individuals. In terms of taste, this translates to the one group favoring pop (girls) and heavy music (boys), and the other opting for progressive or, more recently, intricate new wave.

The U.S. marketplace doesn't lend itself to such neat labeling (not since the 1960's hippies, anyway), but our machinery lends itself to be studied as a consumption-maker. Armed with facts as well as his own critical bias, Frith explains the labels' own corporate responsibilities, discusses how a sound reaches the public and the public reaction returns to the record company, and in a very strong segment, contrasts American and British roles of the press and radio.

As you might guess, *Sound Effects* is not an easy book to grasp, even for me, with my communications M.A., and perhaps Frith has taken too much ground in 30 years of rock culture to adequately cover all bases. But after plowing through the minutaie of profit and loss, satety and risk, symbols and ideas and dreams gone sour, we can be gratifted to learn how much of rock's creative spark still survives, despite the threats that make up such a large part of its packaging.

Opie-ate Of The Masses

THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW
(CBS/now syndicated)

THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW
by Richard Kelly
(Blair)

The Andy Griffith Show has been on television continuously for over 20 years now. It's outlasted five presidents, seven Twins Club Picnics, a couple of high school reunions, 127 CREEM editors and may well outlive the self-cleaning garlic press. It remained in the Nielsen top ten for eight years. Even *Mayberry R.F.D.*, that corny-atrocity of a spinoff with Ken Berry, was top ten throughout its three-year run and got cancelled only because of CBS's infamous rural masacree of 1971.

Big deal, right? What's really important was the comically acrobatic cast, the town of Mayberry, North Carolina (which was "slightly modeled" after Griffith's birthplace Mt. Airy, NC) and Andy Griffith himself, an unusually concerned star who was "involved in every capacity,"

"I suppose *this* is how a grouper breathes..."

according to Don Knotts.

Griffith as Sheriff Andy Taylor developed from a-pickin' and a-grinnin' hick shuffler into a veritable Jed Clampett of Mayberry. Wise beyond his uniform, he was so deviously nice that viewers—if not Barney—fogged over and forgot his sadistic streak. Not to mention his way with the *homily repulso*, such as "It's like putting the pig in the sty and taking out the mud." *Heavy stuff*, as you Americans say.

The townfolk of Mayberry were a strange breed of surreal McCoys. Don Knotts' characterization of high-strung one-bullet-man Deputy Barney Fife remains a classic of dim jitter. So important was his presence that fans now divide the show into W.B. (with Barney) and G.N.B. (got no Barney) laundry piles.

The rest of the slightly dizzy players included the "touchy and moody" Frances Bavier as everybody's favorite aunt, Aunt Bee; Ronnie Howard—a seasoned pro since age two—as the cryptically named Opie; fool's-golden throated Jim Nabors as Gomer; washed-up American history teacher and college football star George Lindsay as Gomer's cousin Goober; Howard McNear as Floyd the barber, whose tonic-spiels always cracked up Don Knotts; nose-talking allergy magnet Jack Dodson as county clerk/swinging bachelor Howard Sprague and Aneta Corsaut (Helen Crump), soon to be the star of *House Calls* unless they get a monkey.

Music was a particularly prominent form of expression on AGS. Andy himself likes to drag the gitfiddel out on the porch and strangle a few cricket tunes out of it for the family. He was always hot to jam with hillbilly heavy metal kings, the Darling family (mostly played by the Dillards), or any guitar player in town with a temperature. Ah yes, who can forget his stardust medley of "Midnight Special" and "Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Rangers"? Or Opie's unnamed-but-relentless combo, whose beat made Miss Crump lose control and

perform her famous impression of Guernseys falling down fire escapes? The rest of us call it "dancing."

Women in general turned out to be real problems on the show. Griffith, modestly described as "not really a ladies' man," is the first to admit "we never knew how to write for women." His early slurpee, Ellie the druggist (Elinor Donahue), proved too uppity for the mere 60's. A series of milk-duds followed until the now-dreaded plucky schoolmarm Helen turned up. *Crump me, you fool!*

My own favorite part of the *AGS* book is the 50-page section of complete show summaries. A quick scope turns up such unforgettable episodes as "Citizen's Arrest," "Those Gossipin' Men," "Goober and the Art of Love," "The Cow Thief" (who covers his tracks by putting sneakers on the cows) and Barney's famous disguises as flycasting mannikin ("The Shoplifters") and a cleaning lady with black socks ("The Bank Job")

The book also provides a ton of facts for the trivia stooge. Did you know that the locations were filmed in Franklin Canyon, L.A.? That little Leon was played by Ron Howard's brother, Clint? That Floyd was paralyzed on the left side during his final season? That every show was shot with only one camera? That *HeeHaw* star Lindsey was going to play Gomer until Nabors bumped him at the last minute? That some people feel there is a need for more Art Buchwalds?

More importantly, did you know that, after Andy Griffith's sentence in Mayberry, he went on to play, among other things, a hack writer?

Rick Johnson

No-Frills Thrills

NO-FRILLS BOOKS: MYSTERY, ROMANCE, SCIENCE FICTION, WESTERN.
(Jove)

Everything's going generic these days. Beer, drugs, emotions, drugs, beer, nappies, *uh...did I mention drugs?...* tuna, suicide, you name it. Life itself, of course, has been available on the no-frills plan all along.

Given the low production costs and apparent consumer OK of such items, it should come as no surprise that No-Frills books are now on the market. Packaged in classic generic black and white, the slim softcovers come in four different flavors: Mystery, Romance, Science Fiction and Western. No author, no title. Just a simple list of ingredients (*Romance: man, woman, large house, one walk, a kiss, an event by the sea*) followed by 58 fast-reading pages for a buck and a half.

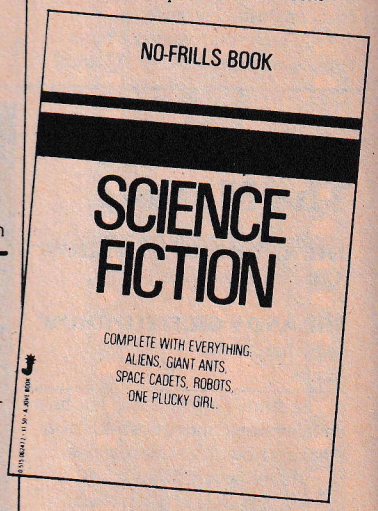
But, the Dept. of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms wants to know, *are they worth reading?* You bet your boots, toots. The totlike texts are even better than a *TV Guide* with a plot. Let's face it—in a world where John Entwistle can release five solo albums, just what can you expect from a pawful of green paper?

Rena Wolner, publisher of Jove, explained it like this. The No-Frills books cost half as much to produce as regular paperbacks and they eliminate altogether such added expenses as reprint rights, cover art, publicity and greenhouse-effect packaging.

"We initially thought the idea would be tongue-in-cheek," she explained. But the "enormous response" (three left-handed arcade attendants in Muncie, Ind.) the pratlike volumes generated set bingo to the coin-changers at Jove.

The skinny format leaves the authors no time to fall asleep at the crayon. And tongue-in-cheek *nothin'*. The hacks, who are contractually guaranteed "anonymity forever," keep the stories lightweight and fast paced, not unlike sex with dying midgets.

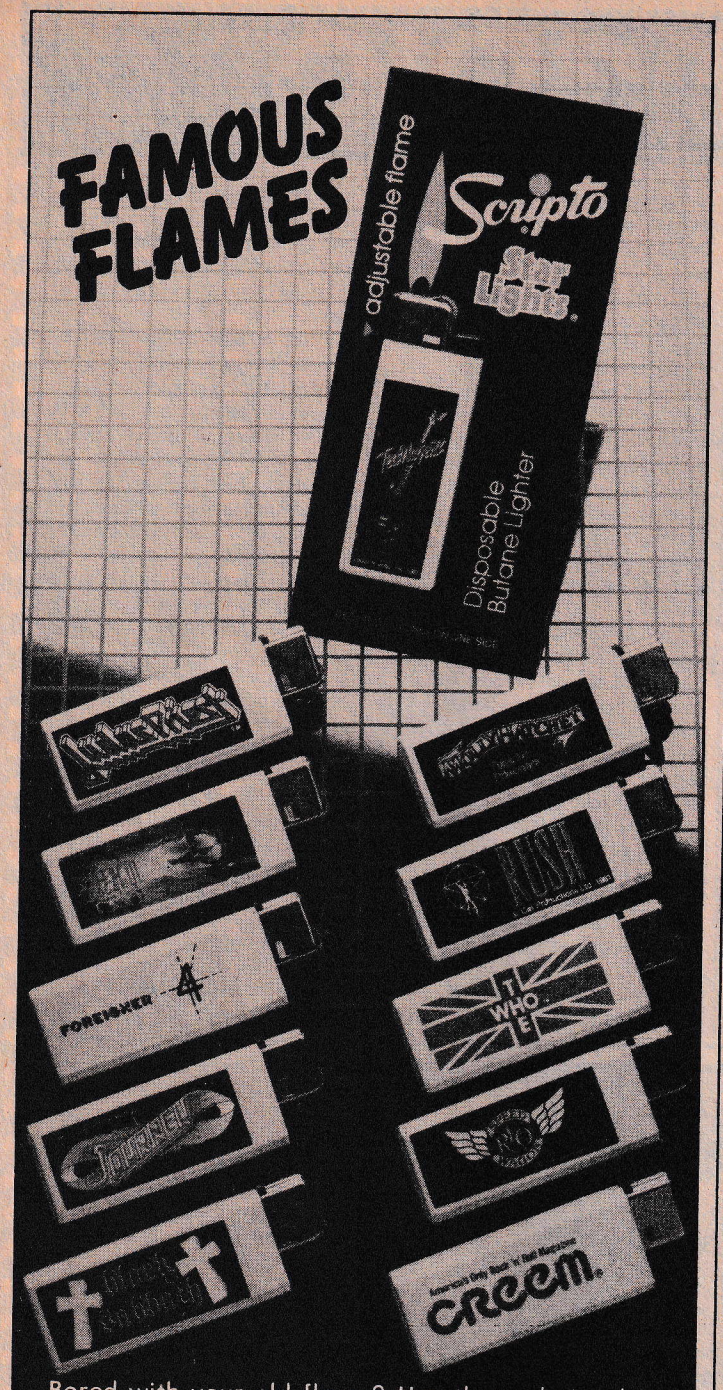
In the strict genres they're dealing with, the *artistes* can't help but scribble ironic parodies. It works best in the No-Frills Mystery, which comes with a wrap-around scheme worth at least $2.95 "*Complete with everything,*" says the cover. "*Detective, money, corpses, mysterious women, telephone, streets, rain.*"



"When the phone rings," it begins, "I thought it was the landlord so I let it go." Hungover but jobless, the no-name (N.N.) detective decides to answer.

"Do you love rock 'n' roll?" the voice on the phone asks. Not Don Kirshner again!

"I'm a private eye, not a music critic," N.N. replies (*Game Ball!*). "Besides, I've got my ethics. No divorce cases." *No divorce cases—*



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Confessions of a FILM FOX

Still Andy felt vaguely "unsatisfied"...

Brad Elterman/California Features

Our first and most pressing demand: *c'mon*, **Victoria Principal** and **Andy Gibb**—don't keep each other hangin' on, as poets **Vanilla Fudge** (by way of Holland/Dozier/Holland) would say. Get out of each other's life, and make a new start! One week we read you're on, the next week you're off...sheesh! The PR agents are rich already, so give up!

As we reported before in this space, progress on the **Bobby Darin** film biography *On Borrowed Time*, based on the book of the same name, is proceeding apace. Now open auditions are being announced for the key role of Darin, and reportedly, singers as diverse as **Paul** "Having My Baby" **Anka, Johnny Rivers**, and **Burton Cummings** (not *Italian* enough, Burton), expressed interest in the lead, but the producers—friends of the Bronx-born singer, who died of heart failure in 1973—feel an unknown would be best. **Sandra Dee** watchers will get to cop a rare glimpse at the 50's/60's teen queen in late May, when she'll be on hand for the unveiling of Bobby Darin's star on a Hollywood sidewalk.

Va-va-voom material **Marie Osmond** seems to be palling around with **Vince Van Patten**, tennis player and *Rock 'n' Roll High School* co-star. The wholesome couple met at a recent celebrity ski match, and the rest is goo goo ga ga. Vince, of course, is a spud from the **Dick Van Patten** factory...

Happy **Warren Beatty** took home the top award from the Directors Guild of America, "Outstanding Feature Directorial Achievement," for—what else?—*Annie Hall Goes To Russia*, er, *Reds*. The handsome playboy quipped, upon receipt of his award: "I'll quit doing this if you guys give me a job."

The eternally reed-like **Twiggy** is set to star in a stage version of *Funny Face*, which would hit Noo Yawk next fall...and who better to play the role of a model?

The CREEM male editors' pick for *Hot Girl Of The Month* is **Debra Winger**, who shook her booty in *Urban Cowboy*, catted around in *Cannery Row* and will next be seen emoting in *Mike's Murder*. Whazzat, a musical?

Pia Zadora to star in *The Golda Meir Story?*

Bass-playing **Prescott Niles** of the knuked **Knack** was *General Hospital*'s **Merri Lynn Ross**'s secret Romeo for months; seems the love-struck Pres sent the soap opera cutie "gifts" to the tune of... $40,000??? Furs, etc. Bad news, poverty fans—*it worked*, and moneybags Prescott's got his gal.

Robert Mathew

Hey, she likes me 'cos I look like a mosquito!

Frances Farmer will not only be represented in cinemas in a biographical film (starring **Jessica Lange**) but the tragic 40's star will also be the subject of a TV movie starring former model **Susan Blakeley.**

And while chatting of models, we must note **Mick Jagger**'s seeming fixation with the bony beauties. Could his six-year "romance" (doesn't it become *something else* after six years?) with **Jerry Hall** be suffering from his preoccupation with brunette model **Janice Dickinson**? (who recently sang a few sets at Studio 54, with a song list including a few ditties written for hers truly by—*su-prahze, su-prahze*. Ron Wood.) The evening was videotaped, and all had a *swell* time...

CREEM pin-up girl **Jamie Lee Curtis** has lensed a pilot for ABC in which she plays an anthropologist who gets into "interesting" situations. Meanwhile, **Peter Bogdanovich** groused to the press that the vivacious Jamie Lee didn't look enough like his late love **Dorothy Stratten** to portray the doomed *Playboy* centerfold in the recent NBC movie. Seems Jamie's slim and leggy, while Dorothy was soft and curvacious...or something like that. Peter's book recounting the "real story" behind the blonde actress's tragic life should have hit the bookracks by the time you read this.

And what of Peter's *other* blonde, ex-leading lady **Cybill Shepherd**? The former *Glamour* cover girl's treading the boards in **Jean Kerr**'s *Lunch Hour*, touring the boondocks and eventually headed for NYC. Reviews for Cybill—the girl nasty old Hollywood thought couldn't act her way out of her makeup bag—have been mixed, with most of the rap going to 50's classic Kerr's creaky Eisenhower-era writing... (It's been a while since *Mary, Mary*—too long.)

*M*A*S*H* will be back for its 11th and final season, finally, and if that isn't reason to break out the blanc de blancs, we throw in our Porthault dishrag.

And finally, *Trapper John M.D.*'s **Gregory Harrison** (Gonzo Gates) is yet another proposed "Jim Morrison" to throw his hat in the ring. While plans for a biopic on the late lamented Doors' sex god seem to be on hold, at least "Gonzo" (who apparently really wants the role) bears more than a passing resemblance to Jimbo and a fair share of charisma to boot, more than we can say for the other would-be Lizard Kings.

David McGough/DMI

"This is how those 'flat-chested' accusations started," swears Jamie Lee!!

the same ethics as mine!

He hits the streets and in three pages we're rubbing elbows with the tale of a rock musician murdered by "killer feedback that turned his brain to mush." Where can I get the soundtrack?

A few ingredients—especially corpses—later, N.N. goes to a concert by a group called The Omnivores, where he saves their mysterious female vocalist from imminent skull pancakes. He then gives her a listen to the snuff tape he recovered earlier and she immediately falls into a mindless trance.

A Sheena Easton cassette, right? But there's no time for a *Rock-A-Rama* as the trail of the tape leads to a silent auction at a private nuthouse, several more dead musicians (*Parade tomorrow!*) and even a brief examination of the Beach Boys' legendary *Smile* album. That's the one with the track called "Fire," which the dunced-out Wilsons burned because they thought it was causing actual fires. Thank goodness they never got their hands on "Having My Baby."

The chase finally leads to N.N.'s office, where he opens the window and drops his television set on the villian from four stories up. Sorry, no HBO!

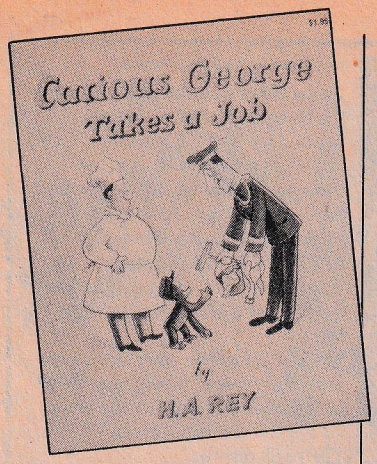
The other three No-Frills books are similar in tone and ingredients. The Western starts out, "*Meanwhile, back at the ranch...*" The SF delivers the "giant ants, space cadets and plucky girl" promised on the cover. And the Romance really does contain that *event by the sea* for all of you event fans.

The generic book may just be the biggest literary development since Sambo's menu. Jove is so happy, they're considering some non-fiction releases as well as further novels-by-genre.

You can believe absolutely the blurb page inside when it says "Why pay more? Why shop around? After you've read one, you won't mind the others."

Isn't great literature cute?

Rick Johnson



I Am Curious (George)

THE CURIOUS GEORGE BOOKS
by H.A. Rey
(Houghton Mifflin)

Created as the single dullest character in kidlit during the 1940's, Curious George continues to omi-gosh children of all ages. In fact, the snoopy simian is becoming a minor-league cult item to the yawning, yearning masses. His always-astonishing adventures (*Curious George, Curious George Gets A Medal, Curious George Rides A Bike, Curious George Learns The Alphabet, Curious George Flies A Kite, Curious George Goes To The Hospital,* and *Curious George Gets Real Gone For A Change*) have been re-issued at a mere two-and-a-half bucks per, each with a cover so nauseatingly yellow it has only been seen heretofore on lawn chairs, Earl Scheib-ed Volkswagens, and David Lee Roth's hairbrush. Stuffed-monk CG dolls and assorted chimparoni are available, too.

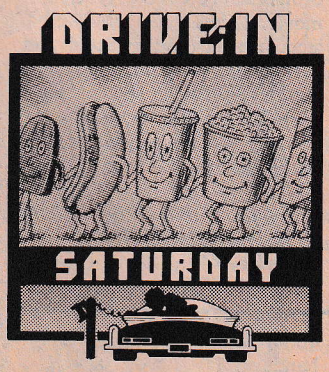
Which is all pretty curious when you delve into the exploits of our inquisitive relative. To describe the *Curious George* books as dull is to recall Adolf Hitler as a friendly architect. The saga begins when George, sublime and at ease in his African home (eating bananas, listening to *Beckola*), is captured by the mysterious Man With The Yellow Hat—the only other contributing character in the monotomes. The Man, a stick-figured, pipe-smoking old-fashioned good guy (who bears a logical resemblance to Hugh Hefner), is typical of the human stereotypes Rey has perfected: the only expressions people can manifest are shit-eating smiles and addled astonishment. Which isn't as crazy as it might seem, considering the books they're running around in.

Anyway, George is Kunta Kinted to "the big city," where he tries to make the best of it. Wouldn't you know that he keeps getting into all sorts of trouble, though? Why? Because he's so *gosh-darned curious* about everything! Stuff like America's swing to the right, how babies are born, and the price of cocaine?? Naw! CG's into abstract curiosity, like how to dial a telephone, what's going on outside the zoo, and eating jigsaw puzzles. The chimp's no dilettante, I'll tell you.

Like all great literature, the *CG* stories are rife with weirdo humor, continually-lapsing plots, and made-in-Macomb dialogue. 'Frinstance: our hero falls down a fire escape, breaks his leg, and is rushed to the hospital. Along comes The Man With The Yellow Hat to pick up a paper at his local newsstand. *Every rag* on the stand has headlines dealing with the tragedy, e.g., "Monkey Hurt In Fall," "Monkey Goes To Hospital," and—my favorite—"Monkey Jumps!" Talk about a slow day for news in the big city. Naturally, The Man "got very excited. *'This is George!'* he shouted." Well, it sure isn't Christopher Reeve, Mr. Man.

The cool thing about Curious George is that he never stops his snooping and—best of all—he *never* learns his lesson. Standard kidfare usually finds little lepers learning all the profound and collective wisdom of humanity: "There's no place like home," "Interested people are interesting people," and "If the tumor gets bigger, consult your chiropractor." None of this junk for crazy George...he just goes on his merry way, an innocent voyeur who keeps forgetting stuff like concrete is harder than grass. Like the book says, "Every time he saw someone do something, he wanted to see if he could do it, too." A chimp for the 80's, I say.

J. Kordosh



...And Don't Forget To Boogen

by Edouard Dauphin

Take a best selling horror novel that even scared The Dauphin who can barely read. Hire a film director who made one of the best of the PBS mini-series. Cast four of Hollywood's greatest stars, whose combined acting experience totals nearly 200 years. The results should be a classy chiller, right? Think again, gullible goons. *Ghost Story*, the movie, is a disaster on the order of *The Shining, Blow Out* or any picture starring Elliott Gould. Based on the 560 page "good read" by Peter Straub and directed by John (*Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*) Irvin, it blows double digit millions on a simple terror tale that would have been better off as a low budget flick. (CREEM could have used that money for Dave DiMartino to take aerobic dancing classes.)

The plot: four old men meet each week as what they call The Chowder Society, amusing one another with ghost stories. As the film opens, this harmless diversion has turned sinister. Each of the oldsters is experiencing vivid nightmares of the kind Edouard sometimes has after polishing a

Glenn Barr

quart of Clyde's Gin and half a dozen knishes. I'm talkin' bad dreams!

When one of the senior citizens takes a long walk off a short bridge, the remaining three geezers start to panic. Enter a young writer, played by newcomer Craig Wasson, who claims to know what is happening—which is more than the audience does at this point. The youthful Whippersnapper attempts to save The Chowder Society but nothing can save us from Wasson's performance. It's the most abysmal movie debut since John Revolta had his little thing played with in the front seat of a car in *Carrie*. Ugh.

Craig's explanation for the creepy goings-on revolves around a mysterious woman who killed his twin brother and is now haunting him. See, she's the ghost of another woman who was killed by The Chowder Society fifty years ago. (Stop me if any of this is making sense.) This ghastly presence is enacted by yet another screen novice, Alice Krige, who looks like a cross between Romy Schneider and Gilda Radner. And you thought you had problems.

What follows is predictable, boring and unfrightening. In fact, the scariest thing about *Ghost Story* is watching veteran actors like Fred Astaire, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., John Houseman and the late Melvyn Douglas floundering in a movie that doesn't deserve their talents. Add to that the fact that the film looks to have been edited with a handsaw and photographed through a pair of argyle socks and you have *Ghost Story*, something to send you out of the theatre screaming—for your money back.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Some things shouldn't be disturbed. After 100 years someone has reawakened The Boogens."

They shouldn't have bothered. The Boogens, villians of this slick but ineffectual schlocker, are cute, snakelike critters that would have been happier snoozing than ravaging a Colorado mine town. As per the formula, four hapless teenagers are threatened with horrible mutilation and death, mostly due to their own idiocy, at the hands, or rather the razor sharp teeth of these slithering buggers. Some things shouldn't be disturbed alright—this movie is downright unfair to narcoleptics.

Chief problem is the interminable length of time—nearly an hour!—before the audience gets a look at The Boogens. At the show The Dauph caught, the crowd in the theater got so bored that, when someone turned on a ghetto blaster, nobody even complained. And we were listening to the all news station!

Finally, it's time for The Boogens to strike. They reduce one girl to fettucine alfredo and eat up her pet poodle (Don't laugh—he's the best actor in the picture.). This action sequence, coming after so many lethargic reels, is surprisingly gruesome, prompting one interesting audience reaction. A brother, sitting two rows down from me, who looked unmistakeably like an 86th Street pimp, sat bolt upright and intoned in a basso profundo: "The damn thing is viciously strong—don't trust it!" It turned out to be the evening's best line.

See *The Boogens* but don't trust it.

☆ ☆ ☆

Can you resist a Chinese 3-D film with the title *Revenge Of The Shogun Women?* If you can, you probably shouldn't be reading this column. In fact, you should be trading in your subscription to CREEM in favor of *Book Digest* or maybe *Golf*. In this grisly little chop suey of an import, everything gets flung at the audience—knives, arrows, rocks, meat cleavers and a few assistant directors. *Shogun Women* is better than shrimp with lobster sauce and you don't have to choose anything from Column B. See it and an hour later you'll be hungry for another movie.

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Subject: The Concept of Programmable Performance

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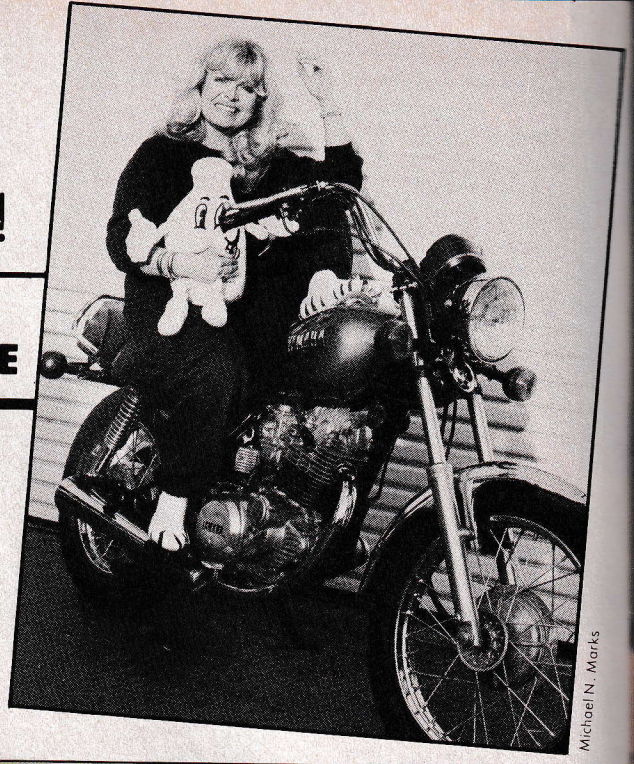

Michael N. Marks

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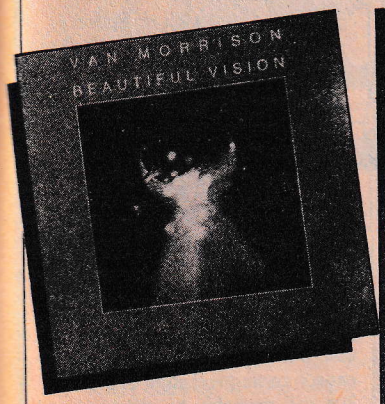
RECORDS

AND REMEMBER, CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS



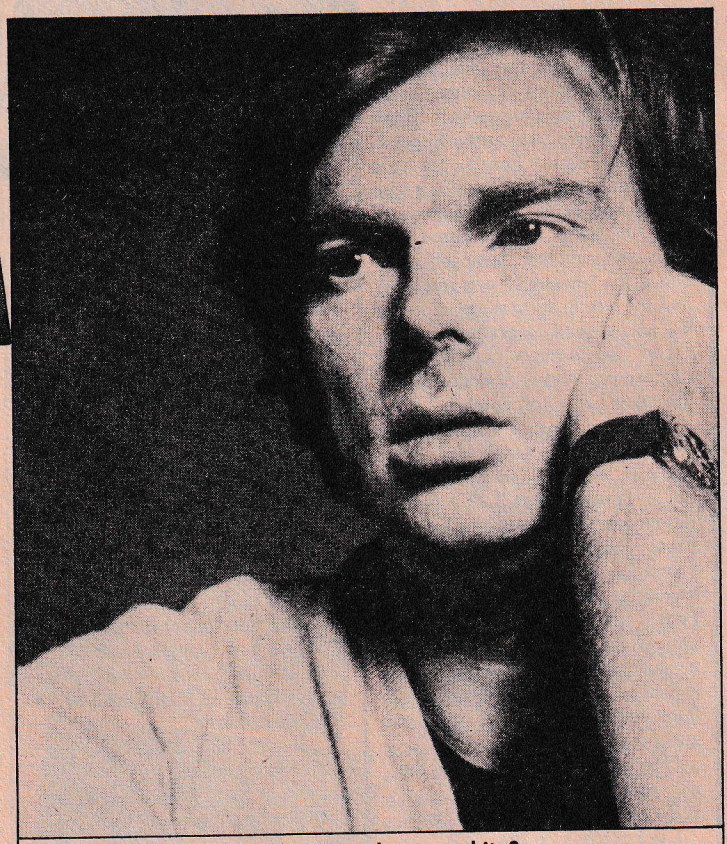
VAN MORRISON
Beautiful Vision
(Warner Bros.)

by Richard Riegel

As I sit down to write this review, it's the morning of March 10, 1982. Even casual followers of the news must be aware by now that the End Of The World is hard upon us, due at 3:38 this afternoon, when the dread "Jupiter Effect" planetary alignment begins its assault on Earth's gravity.

Obviously I'm not betting on that outcome, but I am certain that two, maybe three months from now, just supposing J-E Day *has* demolished all our metropolises, and still Van Morrison will come putt-putting down the mountain in his silver BMW some afternoon, his wavy red hair wildly tousled, his nervous eyes darting crazily over the ruined sidewalks of Mill Valley, searching for some trusted musician friends to go into the studio with him, to begin laying down his next album. And Van'll find just who he wants, among the scrabbling caveman survivors, and in a few more months there will be another new, semi-provocative Van Morrison album to puzzle over.

Which is just about where we stand with his actual newest release, *Beautiful Vision*. Who really knows whether this is the best Morrison since *Veedon Fleece* or *Moondance* or *Astral Weeks*? Van must like to keep the whole debate on his greatness open-ended, by continuing to release these flawed masterworks each time out. I had kinda thought that his previous album, 1980's *Common One*, was his best in years, mainly because I liked its showcase epic, "Summertime In England," for its real-jazz instrumental base and for Van's invocation of "Wordsworth and Coleridge" in the heart of the song (a brilliantly goofy moove for our postliterate age).



What *was* I eating that was white?

"Cleaning Windows," which opens Side Two of *Beautiful Vision*, picks up some of the threads of "Summertime In England," and is the most interesting song on the new set as a result. "Cleaning Windows" stars Van Morrison as a repatriated Belfast window washer, who measures his life in the number of sparkling panes he's left behind; "#36!" exults Van, in a spoken interjection, marking both his years and his progress in the morning's work. On his rounds, Van spots the whole poetic gang who first drove him to beautiful visions, in his early-60's awakenings: "I heard Leadbelly and Blind Lemon on the street where I was born." Van lets all the light in, as he recalls more of his adolescent pantheon—Sonny Terry, Muddy Waters, finally holy Jack Kerouac. A lively slice of Morrison's pre-Them life, at last.

Unfortunately, nowhere else on *Beautiful Vision* does Van Morrison allow us such crystalline metaphors for his life. All 10 cuts have his trademark beautiful-vision melodies but lyrically too many of the other songs celebrate those vague bromides favored by Bob Dylan in recent years, songs in which the *satisfaction* of the singer's belief is supposed to substitute for acute lyric detail. As in the title cut, where Van thanks his eternal female savior: "In the darkest night/You are shining bright." Fair enough, but does She do windows? Likewise in "She Gives Me Religion" (you know the number, look up the name to make sure Dylan himself hasn't already done it).

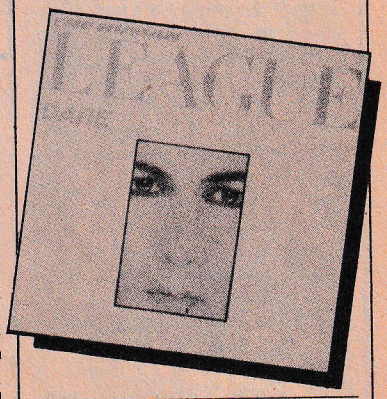
In fact, *Beautiful Vision* has an intriguing number of strange references, apparently accidental, to other singers and their songs. In "Northern Muse (Solid Ground)," Morrison drops a clanking "If you see her, say hello," direct from Dylan's song of the same name, and goes even more bizarrely afield in "Across The Bridge Where Angels Dwell," with a "Close your eyes in fields of wonder," an almost exact cop of "Catch your dreams in nets of wonder," from Bob Lind's ancient "Elusive Butterfly" (a song Van Morrison presumably *knows*, somewhere among the neatly-filed Cyprus Avenues of his mind, as it was popular when he was still touring the whorish rock 'n' roll world with Them).

But why "Elusive Butterfly"? why *now*, Van? Is this the iceberg tip of that infinitely subtle sense of humor you claim your early concert fans always missed? I was wondering about "Celtic Ray" on *Beautiful Vision*—the other mags are digging up religious potatoes all over that song's mystic earth, but I can't get past the punning title: "Celtic Ray." You *do* answer to that "Irish Ray Charles" comparison the writers are always pinning on you! An ever-so-sly pun, maybe to soften the recognition that your two best "religious" numbers on this album, "Dweller On The Threshold" and "Across The Bridge Where Angels Dwell," celebrate the joyous release of death, for you believers.

Ah, Celtic Van, when you croon, "Ahead where home is waiting," in "Across The Bridge," I can almost agree with you, in my own agnostic way, it's just that let's not stop living quite *yet*...

☆ ☆ ☆

March 10, 1982, 3:39 p.m. This Aryan missed the end of the world, seems to be with us for another spin or two. Van Morrison presumably spent the day enraptured in the permanent spiritual quest he set out on in his own Janet Planetary—alignment days. Maybe he worried about glamour, a world problem of great proportions. Since my stereo also survived, it's time for another listen to *Beautiful Vision*.



THE HUMAN LEAGUE
Dare
(A&M/Virgin)

If the guy who built a pinochle-playing computer for his Science Techniques Lab in high school married the gal who wrote poems called "alien/nation" for the Sans-culottes Literary Review, and they

had a kid, that kid would probably grow up to lead an electro-synth pop "band." Most of these crews smack of ink-stained shirt pockets and post-pubescent gloom.

The Human League's sound is as remote as you'd expect from an outfit that utilizes such hardware as Roland Microcomposers, Linn Drum Computers and Casio VLT, M10s. They've got one of those droners singing lead (Philip Oakey, chief writer and one of four synthesizer players; one only plays "occasional" synthesizer, actually, but someone else programs the microcomposer and drum composer), and there are songs on *Dare* that are real downbeat chuckle-bait (like "I Am The Law," where Oakey takes on the responsibility of squelching society's criminal impulse, to no avail: on the next song, "Seconds," there's a murder that you hope against hope wasn't committed by Chapman).

There's a built-in neutrality to this all-singing, all-synthing approach. You can't coax much in the way of emotion out of a Yamaha CS15 as compared to (author's prejudice) a Rickenbacker. It's a depersonalized rock method, but Human League's name turns out to be not all that ironic, and the album title is meant to be taken literally. As in: open yourself to experience. *Feel* something. Disguised by the whooshes and clicks is often a heart of goo, and sometimes even a cheery melody. The contradiction between what they're saying and how they're saying it is striking. Prick a robot's skin, and he not only bleeds, he gushes.

Dare, for all its surface coldness, makes an anti-cynicism statement that is close to 60's rock utopianism (and to its converse, Doors-like bum trippery). Here is a modern album, a microchip extravaganza, that opens with a song called "The Things That Dreams Are Made Of": "Everybody needs love and affection," sings Oakey (the other Philip, P. Adrian Wright, wrote the song), "everybody needs two or three friends." He extols the glories of travel, of food, of Ramones, and I don't think sarcasm is intended. Not when the next tune, "Open Your Heart," could have come from *Hair*, complete with tribal girlie chorus. And "The Sound Of The Crowd" combines 80's chic trappings—dance-floor fake bass, persistent (not to say nagging) pulse—with the enduring message of Petula "Downtown"/"I Know A Place" Clark: "Get around town/ Where the people look good/ Where the music is loud."

The flip side of this cellarful of noise has bats in the belfry. The dreary "Darkness" (by Wright) is a perfect theme song for Count Floyd's Monster Chiller Horror Theater; as one of those damned machines does an impression of a cathedral organ, Oakey is being shadowed by voices, colors, sounds, shapes. "Don't turn out the lights or I'll go over the edge." Ah-hoooooo! Scaaaary stuff, boys and girls. Oakey's "Do Or Die" has something of a Latin hook, and goes on far too long without point or purpose.

Human League's team includes females, but they don't have much to do. *Dare* is mostly a vehicle for synthesized "riffs"—once a computer latches on to a pattern nothing short of a blowtorch can pry it loose—and the philosophies according to the Philips. ("This is Phil talking," "Love Action (I Believe In Love) goes. "I want to tell you what I've found out to be true.") The women are there for atmosphere.

The one exception is (no coincidence) the best track on the album. "Don't You Want Me" get a little intersexual debate going, and not only is it a relief from the standpoint of breaking up the vocal monotony, but the song has a real kick in the chorus and a story with two sides. After a five-year romantic arrangement, she wants out. He thinks she's an ungrateful wench (says he picked her out of a cocktail bar and made something out of her). She thinks he's a possessive swine (says she loves him but has to move on and anyway she could have made it alone all along). I believe her, but her gets to sing the chorus, and you can't help feeling sorry for the fella who's deluded himself into thinking he's dispensible. It's the album's clearest acknowledgement that in the human league, there are any number of divisions.

Mitchell Cohen

FRANTIC! EXCITING! NON-THERAPEUTIC!

FEAR
The Record
(Slash)

by Gregg Turner

This L.A. band runs circles around all the rest of the pus-sucking, starstruck Surf City swill breeds, and I'm not talking airheaded null-sets the likes of Go-Go's or Blasters or semi-related powerpop/rockaboogie yuk. Black Flag, X, Angry Samoans—forget it, they all stink. Fear's got the *message* and it sticks out like a sore thumb caught in the chainsaw of life. Antipathy mixes humor and hate with snarling fast-rock acrobatics, the "message" gets real wild, and the whole thing starts to sound like some weird amphetamine analog of *The Dictators Go Girl Crazy* (in case you hadn't noticed, one of the great LPs of all time).

Yes, Lee Ving is the latter day Adny Shernoff—tunes like "Let's Have A War" ("...so *you* can go die"), "Fresh Flesh," "Camarillo" (about when they played Camarillo State Mental Hospital—the performance abbreviated by hospital hierarchy labeling the sounds of Fear "non-therapeutic"!!) and "I Don't Care About You" have Ving, a visual cross of Freddie Blassie and a Korean war POW, ranting mellifluos epithets of sex and retch with crazy-man conviction:

"My house sounds just like the zoo
It's chock full of shit and puke
Cockroaches on the walls
Crabs crawling on my balls
Oh, I'm just so cleancut
I just wanna fuck some slut
Cos—I love living in the city..."

The wise-ass punk-snotty celebration of two-guitar pulse, thrashing bass and drums cranking out hyper 4/4's on snare, toms and trashcans (true), never bogs down or stagnates with "take me seriously" rockstar attitude. The self-imbued tongue-in-mouth wit and accompanying cleverness adds credence and an unrestrained streak of originality to already uh, *original* ideas:

(negro blues:)
"My ba-by
My ba-by's low-down
skag-a-doo...
(punk-manic rant:)
"1234-1234
Don't like salami
She don't like pastrami
She don't want a chicken
She don't want a roast
She just wants a double dose
Of that BEEF BEEF BEEF
Beef Baloney
BEEF BEEF BEEF
Beef Baloney..."

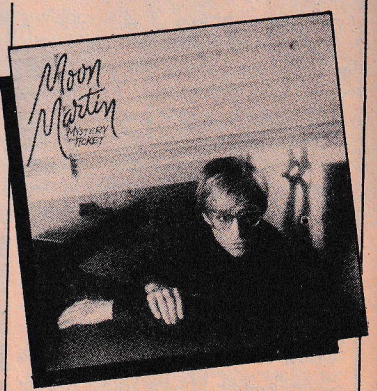
Lead guitarist Philo Cramer buzzes crypto-psychedelic with spazzed-out bends, rhythm section Derf Scratch and Spet Stix who hold accelerated (real fast) tempos tight and steady. But it's Ving who really shines as the unleashed caged animal throughout both sides of this platter. Deranged Jim Jones fixations collide with gay community editorials, as the epilepsy in this cat's voice eggs on the cretin credo disseminated in generous scoops:

"All the prime-time TV shows
Say the middle class are homos
Dis-co-nec-ted Dis-co-nec-ted...
See the Kool-Aid in the compound
Stir it up and pass it around
Disc-co-nec-ted as it was before
DISCO-nected
Dis-co-nec-ted..."

Time-synch switches scatter punk-rock fast-beat format, and the flavor of the music waxes markedly *different* from all else you've ever heard. Actual ingenuity and proficiency of musicianship (not kidding) separates Fear from the mainstream of less ambitious, less talented combos of like orientation.

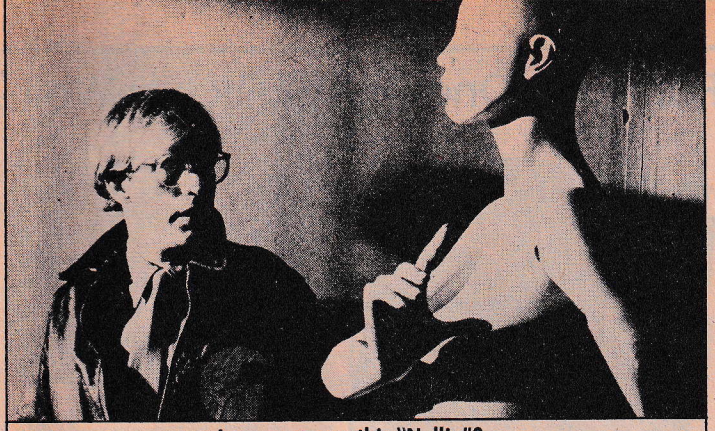
As torrid as the grooves on this disc burn, those familiar with the caustic cattle-prod sting of the band live will probably be disappointed that at least 25% of Fear's spontaneous raw power dies in the transmutation to vinyl, probably cuz producers Gary Lubow (REO Speedwagon—not lying) has traded maximal aggression and ferocity vis a vis sonic attack and sheer presence for a more palatable, perhaps radio-playable, somewhat soft-pedaled abrasiveness. That 75% still remains is what pushes *The Record* over the top, though Fear's 50% (even) pales the recorded likes of everything else. The anthemic close of side two, Fear's veritable call to colors "No More Nothing" stabs at the heart of darkness with sociopolitic dead aim:

"NO MORE FUCKING
NO MORE SUCKING
NO MORE SCIENTOLOGY
NO MORE EST
NO MORE JIM JONES
NO MORE SUCKASS PHILOSOPHY
NO MORE NOTHING..."



MOON MARTIN
Mystery Ticket
(Capitol)

"An artist is somebody who produces things that people don't need to have but that he—for some



Robert Matheu

I say...are you this "Nellie"?

reason—thinks it would be a good idea to give them"—A. Warhol. Well, there's no longer any mistaking Moon Martin for Johnny Denver. Gone is that dumb pudding-bowl haircut. On *Mystery Ticket*, Moon's looking, and for some reason, acting just like Warhol.

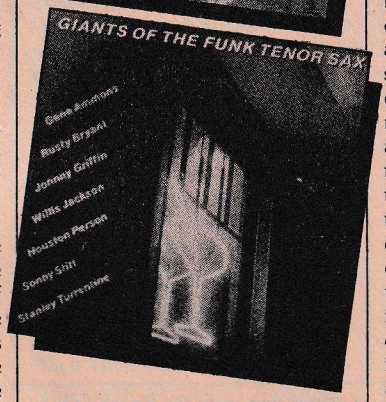
Like most artists mixing colors for another mid-career work (this'll be his fourth tableau in four years), MM gives us what we expect: more of the same. For Martin, that means serial work and multiple images of the same icon on a level that is equalled only by Warhol (soup cans, Monroes and Presleys) and the immortal Redbone, who gave out with 87 or 88 reruns of their hit "Come And Get Your Love" between '74 and '76. Consistency is the name of the game, and Moon wails like 60 on *Mystery Ticket*, clicking off no less than four more versions of "Bad Case Of Loving You" (this time they've got titles like "Dangerous," "Firing Line" and "X-Ray Vision").

Which means this LP oughta be a real Pasadena, goodbye and thanks. But, wait, Moony's consistency is nothing if not thorough. *That* means that *Mystery Ticket*, like its predecessors, hides one stunning gem in with all the clunkers and bedevils the hell out of you: as in, "Is this guy one of the great unsung, potential pop muthas of his time or the relentless hack he seems like the other 80% of the time?!"

The point: "Aces With You," buried in the middle of Side Two (and produced by Andrew Gold, unlike the rest, which is Robert Pretty-boy Palmer's), is such god-damn pure melodyrhythm greatness (with references to Spector, Buddy Holly and Martin's own superfine "No Chance") that it almost justifies the rest of the LP. We're talking fearless naivetē on a major level here—and coming from a pushin'-40 midrange rocker in 1982, that's no mean feat. I mean, were there justice, "Aces" would be covered by at least as many singers as appeared on the first side of Q's *The Dude* and Moon'd be hauling sacks to his local B of A branch right now.

It's a tough one. The ideal solution would be *one* Martin LP that contained "Signal For Help," "Victim Of Romance," "No Chance" and the rest of the good stuff, topped with "Aces." BUT artists don't always work that way. They think *they* know what we need. Doctor, doctor, doctor...

Gene Sculatti



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Giants Of The Blues Tenor Sax
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Giants Of The Funk Tenor Sax
(both Prestige)

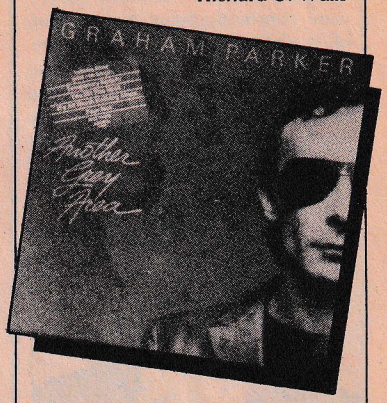
You used to be able to hear this kind of stuff all the time— bluesy/funky tenor saxes, usually backed by organ-guitar-drums—it was, in the late 50's and early 60's, the mainstay of commercial jazz (CJ) radio stations and the many small black urban clubs and bars that featured no-nonsense entertainment. Such a mainstay of CJ radio, in fact, that at its peak it was crowding out more interesting and exciting sounds—avant garde wasn't about to get airplay, of course, but even post-boppers like Jackie McLean, Joe Henderson and the rest of the Blue Note gang were getting squeezed out, causing among certain listeners (like myself) some resentment toward the music. It wasn't that it was without merit, just that it was becoming all that CJ listeners were allowed to hear (the AOR/New Wave parallels should be obvious).

But that was a long time ago and CJ radio has gone on to embrace other trends—disco, urban contemporary (Grammy music), whatever sells and can reasonably fall under the black music label without modern r'n'b or funk (too aggressive). By now the tenor/organ thing has become rare enough, its hegemony receded far enough into the past, that when organist Jimmy McGriff's album *Movin' Upside The Blues* was released this past year and received heavy CJ play it sounded, amidst the soporific vocals and last gasps of fusion, like a model of musical integrity and intelligent entertainment. Like the Real Thang. Jazz, without pretense.

Sixteen of the 23 cuts on the pair of 2-fer re-issues we're considering today come from '58-'62, the period of the great market glut (the remaining seven are a little more recent—and for the record, the difference between blues and funk is defined here as being generational, the tenors on the blues album having been born before '23, the ones on the funk album after—aside from that the categorization seems capricious, and even the definition that funk is just blues with newer, tighter rhythms isn't always adhered to) and now the music that timid radio stations made a pain in the ass, or at least in the throats of those it was being shoved down, can be heard in an early 80's context as a breath of fresh air, tinged with nostalgia...that, at least, is how much of the music here comes across. Some of it, though, is transcendent. On the Blues album there's Coleman Hawkins' "Soul Blues," wherein he surrenders his usual fluidity to some soulful shouts, and two cuts affording stylistic comparisons, "Light And Lovely," a non-cutting conclave where they talk it four different ways—they being Arnett Cobb (wild), Buddy Tate (suave), Coleman Hawkins (sincere), and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis (macho)—and "Soul Street," where the conclave *is* cutting, Jimmy Forrest's easy bop chopping up King Curtis' honest but stiff effort and Oliver Nelson's cool modernity (nice approach, wrong song). The Funk album, with such bar war veterans as Willis Jackson and Houston Person, the ubiquitous Sonny Stitt and the loquacious Johnny Griffin, is a more meat and potatoes collection, though Gene Ammons. who carries his own echo chamber and times his pauses with occult precision, is represented by the classic "Hittin' The Jug" (somebody oughta write one called "Droppin' The G"), which King Pleasure turned into the also classic "Swan Blues."

If you like this sort of thing, or think you might, this is a good selection and the scholarly angle ain't ignored either—aside form the usual informative liner notes, each tenor gets a short bio and a brief listing of major influences and key recordings. It's good, but I hope it doesn't catch on too much (as in "revival") because then CJ radio is going to play it 'til you just can't stand it anymore...and no music deserves such abuse.

Richard C. Walls



GRAHAM PARKER
Another Grey Area
(Arista)

Look, just because I'm a critic, that doesn't mean that I understand critics any more than you do. For as often as I find myself in accord with the official verdict on a record, when it's time for certain artists like Graham Parker to fall from the tastemakers' grace, I tend to wander a little bit off the company line. *Howlin' Wind* and *Heat Treatment* are not my favorite Parker LPs (I'm waiting for the firing squad). I *loved* the slop-bucket production of *Stick To Me* and I even liked (they're raising their rifles now) "The Heat In Harlem." While many of the Great Bylined Ones had a Mexican hat dance on Parker's critical darling status in regards to *The Up Escalator*, I sat on the sidelines. Somewhere under the busy veneer of Jimmy Iovine's production, Parker was hacking through a difficult personal change, and that made big hunks of the album fascinating. (Can I have one more cigarette?) Although *Escalator* had too many songs that didn't sound comfortable with themselves, it offered the minimum number of Parker classics. Besides (here comes the blindfold), even mediocre Parker is good music.

This record is good, too, but it's hard to tell how good right away—so far, better than *Escalator* and not as amazing as *Squeezing Out Sparks* (ah, a stay of execution).

Jack Douglas co-produced with Parker and they came up with a soft-shell, commercial sound that, oddly enough, works, except for some pressure points when the ol' Rumour *arrgghhhh* should be there and isn't. The El-Lay girlie choruses are the only blatantly cheap pitch to AOR radio. Sounding quasi-marketable, in fact, gives the albums a gentleness that's part and parcel of what the songs are about.

Not that Parker isn't mad anymore. As long as people commit the sins of personal and sociological sloth, the betrayal of human possibility will be there and Parker won't be able to rest. It is a *personal* fuckover for him. Mass-marketing stupidity has first person consequences: on prior albums, lovers were constantly being gypped out of a shot a real connection by unwitting slides and the hypersensitivity that used to be protected by rage is being forced to come out

Want to be an introspective singer/songwriter? Follow me!

and see some daylight; it's that or lose the relationship. That puts him in a new set of binds. He has to come eyeball to eyeball with his own capacity for betrayal and bull ("No More Excuses," "It's All Worth Nothing Alone," "Crying For Attention," "Can't Waste A Minute"). He has to figure out when to crawl back to cover and when to stand up in the foxhole ("Dark Side Of The Bright Lights," "You Hit The Spot"). Instead of growling at folks who act like turkeys in a rainstorm when looking for something to stay sane by, he slips an emphatic sigh around the sneer ("Temporary Beauty"). His choices of respite aren't always so terrific either ("Another Grey Area"), but he seems to have found the guts to go to the line for the ones he makes, sans guarantees ("Fear Not").

So ignore the critics and go buy this record. Aside from Foreigner and Olivia Newton-John, we've been known to make mistakes. The guns are only for skeet shooting, anyway.

Laura Fissinger

Combine One Part Pop, One Part Quirk, Stir Well

XTC
English Settlement
(Epic/Virgin)

by Jim Farber

For those brave souls who gritted their teeth through the hellish nightmare of mid-70's art-rock, the term *art-pop* may seem like just another thinly veiled dip into the abyss. But XTC blissfully balances the art-pop—the "art" part means that their hooks just happen to be consistently weird, and the "pop" part of it is that the weirdness is so catchy, it hardly ever seems self-conscious. XTC retains what was good about art-rock (believe it or not, in isolated moments, there were a few things)—namely, the form-oriented impressive musicianship. But they cut the excess and pseudo-classical crap, make the beat rockier and the choruses more memorable, then add lyrics which actually make sense. (no "Siberian Khatru" 's for *them*). Likewise, XTC's vocal offerings reflect human quirkiness, not Yes or ELP's "god-like" virtuosity.

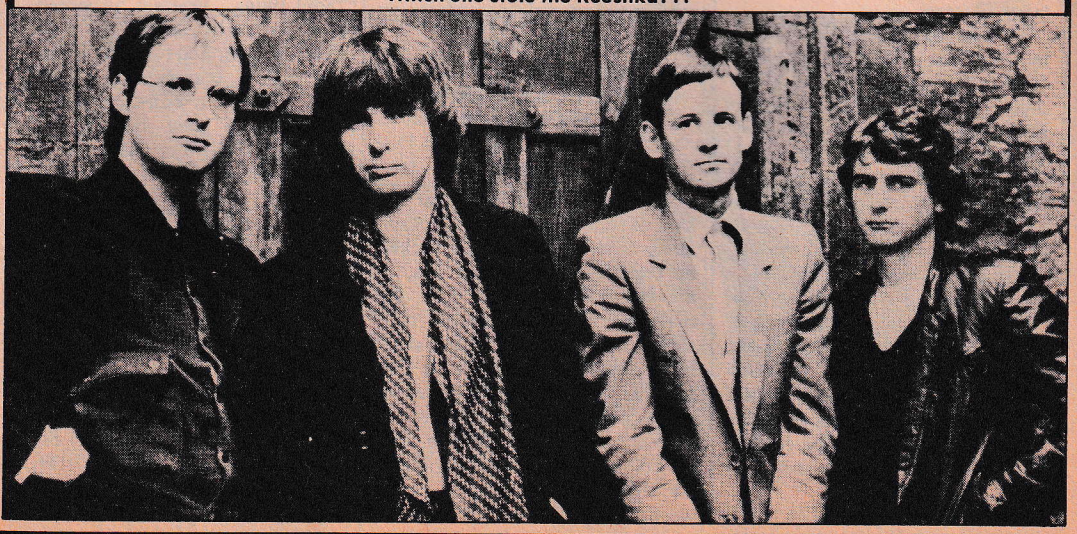
What we may worry about in confronting a new XTC LP is whether their unique art-pop balance is still holding. After all, on a band's fifth album they may get antsy, try to "expand their horizons" (in other words, become arty bores). A dangerous sign is the fact that the album in England is a double LP. (U.S. consumers will be happy to learn that only four songs are missing on this generous 50 minute stateside version). Luckily, all our fears are not for naught. On *English Settlement*, XTC manages to add some new splashes while still putting out top notch walked-out pop. Hugh Padgham (former engineer upped to producer) has helped the band get even more depth and dimension.

Lots of songs feature sharply defined upfront acoustic guitar grillwork, separated from Colin Moulding's more eclectic bass and Terry Chambers' broader use of percussion. Chambers personalizes each bang and thwack to set a mood, with more finesse than ever before. Especially attention-getting are his mechanical rhythms in "Melt The Guns" and the resigned thuds in the dour "All Of A Sudden." In typical XTC fashion each instrument seems to spur on another, as in the chorus of "Jason And The Argonauts" where the daddy long-legs bass seems to push the guitar and voice into an oddly pleasing configuration. Or in "All Of A Sudden," where an ascending acoustic guitar and bass chase the voice into a neck-stretching hook.

The only less-than-completely-lovable tracks come, unfortunately, right at the start of the album. The opener, "Runaways," has a murky smear of sound and foghorn vocals (nature's way of telling you someone got too chummy with the studio technology). Even the lyrics, about some kid watching his mom chase daddy around the house with a knife, can't ease the artiness. The other problem track, "Ball And Chain," kicks off with a perky riff much like the start of the Beatles' "Getting Better," but the hooks ultimately seem forced and theatrical. The LP should have begun with the third song, the Brit single, "Senses Working Overtime," which has a classic XTC, totally natural rabbit-out-of-a-hat hook and some semi-traditional English touches in the percussion and acoustic guitar. Follow that with the all-out rocker "No Thugs In Our House" or maybe "English Roundabout" and you've *really* got an opening. The title of that last mentioned ditty would seem to stress one of XTC's closest antecedents the cut-down single version of Yes's "Roundabout," though XTC's "round" is much catchier and their words avoid such uniquely Anderson touches as "mountains come out of the sky and they stand there."

As on *Black Sea*, with its fear-of-war songs, XTC's new songs feature some topical nods, like "Melt The Guns", an anti-U.S. peacenik plea. The only problem is that the music and vocals of Andy Partridge and Colin Moulding are so entertainingly odd, they tend to deflate the stern-faced lyrics. "Melt The Guns" sounds more chipper than protest-angry, and on the last album "Generals And Majors," about World War III, was their bounciest number ever. But XTC's words should not be taken at face value. (After all these guys seem to have a certain sense of humor). The real emphasis of the band is not just to lyrically knock the world's screwed-up order but also to musically create a new, more optimistic one in reaction to the worrisome words. It's an instant pop antidote with a strong enough, endearingly neurotic feel to prove the lyrics are still relevant, though in a less sour way than they read on paper. As a whole, XTC may not shake, rattle and roll—but they do sputter, twitch and gyrate, and sometimes that can get you through the night just as well.

Which one stole the Keeshka?!?



SAMMY HAGAR
Standing Hampton
(Geffen)

As Bugs would say, "What a maroon!"

I'm talking about Sammy Hagar and, let's 'fess up: you probably don't even know who the hell Sammy Hagar *is*—and if you do, you still probably confuse him with similarly faceless pseudo-crungers like Pat Travers.

So who *is* he? In a nutshell, he's a guy who churned out a whole slew of records on Capitol a while back, and is now trying for the mega-platinum ring on Geffen Records.

Unfortunately, the fact of the matter is that Sammy Hagar couldn't punch his way out of a used wet-nap most of the time, and he writes songs as if he lost half of his brain in an accident when he was five years old.

(There *is* one glaring exception to the above paragraph, which is the monster rocker title tune from the soundtrack of the *Heavy Metal* movie. It closes side one of this mess, and the track sounds as if Hagar downed a couple of I.Q. pills before he penned it. Mutiple power chords abound, and almost witty lyrics—c'mon, *you* know: lyrics that seem witty even though you know they weren't *meant* to be—cut through the remaining dross on the rest of this album like a wedge (to paraphrase The Hague himself). If Sammy Hagar deserves to collect a million dollars from the masses for what he's doing, then it should be on the merits of "Heavy Metal" alone.)

Songs like "Baby's On Fire" (not the Eno tune), "Surrender" (not the Cheap Trick tune) and "Sweet Hitchhiker" (not the Creedence tune) are so lame and unfocused it makes me wonder why the hell anyone would bother to steal the titles to three of rock 'n' roll's all-time classic tunes if he couldn't come up with a song that *deserved* to be confused with the originals.

Anyway, with albums pushing a cool 10 bucks a throw these days, there's absolutely no reason why this album should be part of your collection unless (a)—you want a copy of "Heavy Metal" (in case which you'd be better off with the soundtrack album instead) or (b)—you lost half of your brain in an accident when you were five years old.

As for David Geffen, shed no tears: every label needs at least *one* cartoon guitar hero in the stable, and now David's got his.

Jeffrey Morgan

LOU ANN BARTON
Old Enough
(Asylum)

I approached *Old Enough*, the big league debut of Lou Ann Barton—an old enough Texan sporting impressive minor league stats—with modest hope and considerable suspicion. First there was the problem of nearly universal critical acclaim. Could Ms. Barton actually be as good as people said? Then there was the problem of producer Jerry Wexler. After a decade and a half of essential involvement with some of the best American music ever—reaching a glorious zenith with Aretha's gold—Wexler has contented himself over the last decade and a half with a sort of semi-retired search for the Great White Thrush. Many's the time he's lured otherwise sensible women into a Southern studio (Muscle Shoals, where *Old Enough* was recorded, has been a special favorite.) to no discernible purpose or benefit. I love *Dusty In Memphis* and have a particular weakness for Jackie DeShannon's "Vanilla O'Lay" and "Anna Karina" but I'm old enough too and I remember Lulu, Cher, and (oi vey) Ronee Blakely. Jerry's also passed some time playing outlaw with Willie and rabbi with Zimmie and the bottom line is decidedly mixed. Would Lou Ann be just one more heartache? Lastly, there was the problem of Jerry's co-host this week, Eagle Scout Glenn Frey. Was there a reason for this collaboration? Did somebody owe somebody or was the corporation simply diversifying? Hmmm...make that less than modest hope and more than considerable suspicion.

It is both my pleasure and surprise to report that *Old Enough* and Ms. Barton are indeed as good as people said. It turns out that she is a very serious hardcore blues singer who is perfectly matched with the Muscle Shoals sound that Wexler has had his ups and downs with over the years. The secret of the Muscle Shoals studio crew—Johnson, Becket, Hood, Hawkins, *et al.*—is superb playing totally subsumed in the spirit of the work at hand. Artists as various as Aretha and the Osmonds have hits to prove it and now, if the fates are kind, so will Lou Ann. Several songs on *Old Enough* would substantially brighten what passes for radio fare these days starting with the title track, "I'm Old Enough." Written by Scottish soul singer—now that's an interesting subgroup—Frankie Miller and revved up by guitar vet Wayne Perkins, the tune features a genuine *tough* vocal (as in Sugar Pie DeSanto, not Pat Benatar). Lou Ann's style is direct and anti-decorative; no complexity is forced in where a gritty simplicity will do, yet every phrase has sensibility as well as focus. I'm impressed. Her ballads display the same virtues: Irma Thomas's wonderful "It's Raining" here lacks the casual subtlety of the original but makes up the difference with heart. On Percy Sledge's "The Sudden Stop" (A brilliant choice. My compliments to whomever.) Barton takes on Percy in his home studio and gets my vote by turning the song into a power ballad—my favorite genre. She gets a little carried away with the Chantels' "Maybe," piling too much twangy jalapeno relish on what I still hear as a pure gospel powerhouse, but that's the only mannerist lapse on the record. Sweet lazy phrasing on "Finger Poppin' Time," patented Muscle Shoals guitar insinuation matched with a truly ferocious vocal on "It Ain't Right," (curiously credited to Little Walter) the fat soul genre of "The Doodle Song," the fine sounding Texas jump blues of "Every Night Of The Week"...I could go on, but you should really hear *Old Enough* for yourself. With the right band, Lou Ann Barton could open for the Rolling Stones or trade verses with Bobby Bland and I'd pay to see her do either. And now that Olivia Newton-John has had more weeks at #1 than any other woman ever (thank you Casey Kasem), perhaps you should, too. So much for suspicions.

Jeff Nesin

DWIGHT TWILLEY
Scuba Divers
(EMI-America)

I've been in Twilley's corner ever since he and former partner Phil Seymour catapulted out of their Okie surroundings with the 45 rpm splendor of "I'm On Fire." The record slowly got noticed and stardom seemed just a lunge away when NYC's then-biggest AM station opted to keep it off their playlist and added "Rhinestone Cowboy" instead. That was seven years ago.

But they prevailed, releasing two more-often-than-not superb LPs, the second one containing "Looking For The Magic," a rip-roaring stunner that topped "I'm On Fire" for all-out ecstatic intensity. But both albums quickly died the death and the partnership dissolved. Twilley released a solo album that got fresh dirt shoveled on it, and after that came "Somebody To Love," a single that still had the spark but, unfortunately, not the audience.

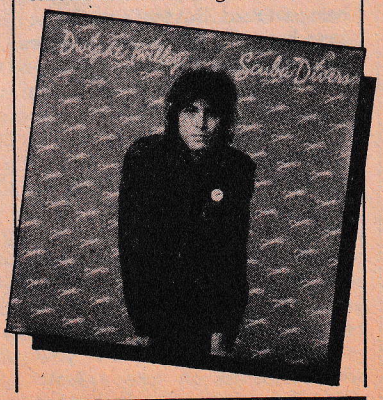
Three long years go by. In the interim, a Jack Nitzsche-produced album gets scrapped. Twilley leaves Arista. Phil Seymour releases a solo album and gets a hit, and with any luck and a lot of justice, so will Twilley with *Scuba Divers*, a highly invigorating comeback.

Don't get me wrong; this isn't the great pop masterpiece I was hoping for. I mean, what's a review without a few complaints? First of all, the credits are one big mishmash, jammed together in one big eye-straining paragraph. Close scrutiny reveals the participation of everyone from mainstay guitar whiz Bill Pitcock to members of the *Cowsill* family. And Twilley loses points for crediting his hair stylist.

Musical drawbacks include the patently strained heavyisms of "Cryin' Over Me" (huffing and puffing at brick walls), "I Found The Magic" (the searching was far more exciting than the locating), and "Falling In Love Again" (turning a flirtation with moist sensitivity into soaking wet infatuation). These three close side two, so you reject-button fans can have yourselves a real swinging time.

But what comes before...just listen to what comes before! "I'm Back Again" kicks things off with a shimmering wallop, Twilley soaring in and around a heady swirl of affirmative backup voices, dramatic pause drumming, and superlative Pitcock guitarisms. The tension release at the end feels like having your favorite date embrace you—all Russian hands and Roman fingers.

"Somebody To Love" reappears here in slightly revamped form. The slowed-up lowdown beginning gives way to one of Twilley's most emotional smoldering vocals, with



plenty of his beloved sultry syllable-stretching antics to keep you hooked. On "Touching The Wind," his "hurts so bad but feel so good" singing turns the word "wind" into a major weather disturbance.

Then there's the muffled bedlam of "Later That Night" and "Dion Baby" 's glorious yearnings and—hey, Twilley's back, he's got what it takes and seven out of these ten cuts proves he still excels at creating deft, involved pop-rock melodies that follow you wherever you go. I mean, anyone who can get you humming a line like "ten thousand American scuba divers dancing" must be doing something right.

Craig Zeller

UTOPIA
Swing To The Right
(Bearsville)

Aha, I thought. A political album from Todd and the guys. Nothing like some hard times and good old-fashioned fear to bring these idealists down to Earth. The targets may be easy ones—war/greed/intolerance—but they're certainly and always potentially dangerous as us all. Then I heard the lead-off track, which sounds like Billy Joel backed by Styx doing a remake of Pink Floyd's "Money" (just about *the* song of the past decade, except maybe "Stairway To Heaven," or weren't you aware that *Dark Side Of The Moon* has been on *Billboard*'s charts for *eight years* now) and I had to wonder what had gone wrong this time.

Now I know how tricky writing social satire is 'cause it's really easy to come off as smug, preachy and generally assholian as the people being satirized. But that's rarely the case here. The problems revolve around good ideas—ones that agree with mine, that is—being sabotaged by unclear intentions or inappropriate music.

For instance, "Lysistrata" may be the most confusing anti-war song ever written. Its point of view changes from deadpan sarcasm to a straightforward statement of intent with no vocal or instrumental cues to clarify things. And while I can agree with Todd's impassioned rant on "Shinola"—"There are your leaders, come on take a look/ They'll lie and cheat and steal and sell the rights to the book"—the song's melody just sags after the screaming is over. Plus, hearing the word "shinola" is perfect choral harmony makes me think "Styx" again and go looking for a sledgehammer, but I guess that's just kneejerk reaction on my part.

Of course, the whole album ain't all that bad; Utopia has never been so awful that they can be written off entirely. Their cover of Gamble/Huff/Jackson's "For The Love Of Money" works well despite the trebly mix, and "Fahrenheit 451" effectively hits a mindless funky party groove to accompany the equally mindless activity of book burning. Sandwiched in between the two is my personal fave, "Last Dollar On Earth," where the band focuses its sarcastic sights on the marketing process while keeping the music edgy and to the point.

But will you hear it on your radio? Not likely. The airwaves will probably pick up on "One World" and "The Up," both of which are not only as catchy as Coke commercials but resemble that product itself: bubbly, sweet and insubstantial. I insist on hearing "The Up" as a satire on airheaded optimism because it's "Down just ain't me style" shtick is hilarious in this context of expressed/repressed anger (if people wanna take it straight, that's their business). Personally I'd seriously consider keeping sharp objects away from anyone over the age of 15 found humming these tunes but all that means is that even creative, sensitive souls (like rock critics) are subject to swings to the right. Does this mean we'll never be welcome in Utopia? Stay tuned.

Michael Davis

BONNIE RAITT
Green Light
(Warner Bros.)

Bonnie Raitt's recording career has had its artistic ups and downs—in no sequential order—due, in part, to the near-ecumenism of her musical tastes and influences. On her seven previous albums, she has delved into blues, country blues, R&B, soul, rock, folk, pop/folk, and pop. Her numerous producers have included east coast-oriented Jerry Ragovoy, west coast-inspired

"Trust me. Really."

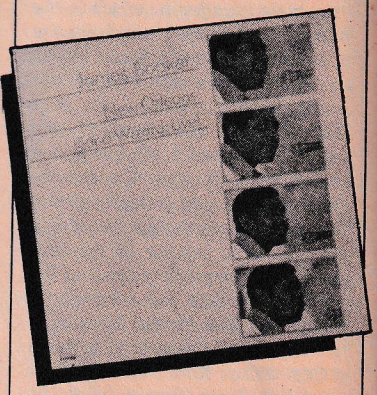
Paul A. Rothchild, pop/folkster John Hall, and Linda Ronstadt's and James Taylor's mentor, Peter Asher. And her session players have run the gamut from Junior Wells to Lowell George and Bill Payne to New York's finest instrumentalists to everybody's favorite (or least favorite) L.A. mellow men like Fred Tackett, Waddy Wachtel, Danny Kortchmar, and Rick Marotta. Raitt's eclecticism and her willingness to experiment are certainly admirable and have resulted in the rejuvenation of many old (especially R&B) songs and the exposure of then-not-so-well-known songwriters such as Jackson Browne, Eric Kaz, John Prine, and Karla Bonoff.

And yet, the various twists and turns in her career over the last 11 years (some of them, no doubt, considered commercial moves, since Raitt has never had a really "smash" record) have on occasion proved incongruous with the earthy naturalism, the visceral conviction of her vocal style. Nowhere did she more clearly miscalculate than on her last record, the Peter Asher-produced *The Glow*. Although Raitt's sensuality and her no-illusions romanticism were well-suited the the material—e.g., "I Thank You" and "The Boy Can't Help It"—Asher's production was so squeaky-clean and stultifying that Raitt seemed to be working in a vacuum.

How come I've taken so long to get around to the topic at hand, *Green Light*? Well, folks, it's all been a shameless set-up for that fact that on her eighth album, Raitt has found yet another producer, Rob Fraboni, and another group of musicians, the Bump Band—Johnny Lee Schell, Ian McLagan (former Face), Ricky Fataar (once a Beach Boy), and Ray Ohara—and a few guests, most notably sax player David Woodford. But *Green Light* is *not* once more example of fumbling around. While it isn't as powerful as *Give It Up* or *Takin' My Time*, *Green Light* is aces all the same, and is perhaps the most sensible album Raitt has ever recorded. The musicians—including Raitt, who plays rhythm guitar throughout the album and takes some leads away from Schell—have the raw drive and unstudied approach of a first-rate bar band. A couple of R&B-and-blues-based songs retain the grit hat would have led Peter Asher to hire a live-in maid, and Raitt's confessional reading of Bob Dylan's "Let's Keep It Between Us" is proof that compilations of unreleased Janis Joplin material aren't all that's necessary to keep the blues alive in a rock format. (Check out Raitt's delivery of the line "I know we're not perfect/Then again, so what.")

Mostly, though, *Green Light* is straight-ahead rock 'n' roll, often reminiscent of the Stones in their *Exile On Main Street* period. Guitar chords break all over the place, drummer Fataar's back beat has an insouciant gait, and McLagan pounds the keyboards with delighted abandon. Giddy little frills from everyone pop in and out of the mix, suggesting a running battle between playing and taking another swig from the bottle. And Raitt's singing? She sounds like she's never had a better time. After far too long, this singer has found her band and the right producer, and you can tell she knows it.

Jim Feldman



JAMES BOOKER
New Orleans Piano Wizard: Live!
(Rounder)

In one of the oddest occurrences in recent memory, a newly-released album that recalls the smoke-filled music of a French Quarter bar better than any record released in many of moonlit eve has little to do with the Crescent City: that is, it was recorded in Zurich, Switzerland. "We want more!" begged the Swiss at the Boogie Woogie and Ragtime Piano Contest of November 27, 1977. And indeed, they got more—a veritable bargain of interpretive dexterity as James Carroll Booker III, the self-dubbed "Piano Prince of New Orleans," let what seemed like 88 fingers fly across the

88's. *New Orleans Piano Wizard: Live!* is an impromptu delight; it will (and does) stand with the very best of the rhythm and blues LPs from the Mardi Gras homeland—Chris Kenner's *Land of 1,000 Dances*, Ernie K-Does's *Mother-In-Law*, Aaron Neville's *Tell It Like It Is* and *Like It 'Tis*, Professor Longhair's *Crawfish Fiesta* and the numerous collections of Fats Domino and Huey Smith.

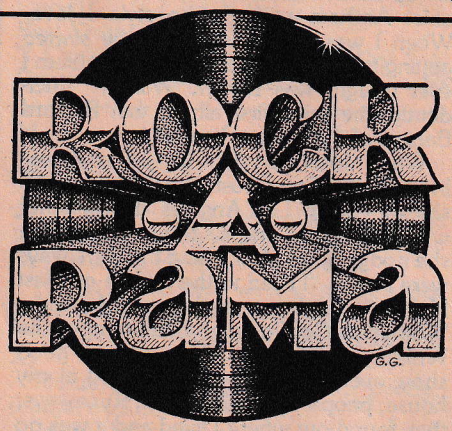
The truth is that Booker has, at one time or another, studied under, tutored, performed or recorded with most of New Orlean's finest musicians; they, in turn, still confer upon this Merlin of the Keys the usual titles—"legendary," "genius," "prodigy." But while Booker is well-known among his colleagues, he is all but forgotten beyond the narrow and dusty corridors of rock history. Up to this point, his chief claim to fame was the fact that he introduced the organ to Bourbon Street, which resulted in a minor national hit in 1960, a rather average organ instrumental called "Gonzo."

But they eat him up in Europe, where Booker has had at least three LPs available (all live recordings) long before the release of the current Rounder album (itself a reissue of one of the imports). After hearing Booker hang his head on "Come Rain Or Come Shine," or sharing with him the tragedy of loneliness on two Percy Mayfield songs, you recognize that he doesn't deserve this ill fate of obscurity—not just because of the sensitive touch of his omnipresent hands, but more because of a soul that can transform any material, however bland (an amazing example—Frank and Nancy Sinatra's "Something Stupid"!) into a sheer ecstasy of eccentric entanglement.

As he walks through the mist on "Black Night" or bounces into a brothel on Joe Tex's "Come In My House," he brings with him the atmosphere of a magical place and the consciousness of an era that perhaps he feels has not vanished. This desire—this carnival of dreams—does not get lost in translation; the Swiss audience responds deeply to Booker's sense of loss and renewal (they go crazy throughout the *entire* recording). What the audience hears is indeed absolute wizardry: a strange man, wearing a black eyepatch with a gold star imprinted on it, far removed from the city where he was classically trained, having long ago abandoned that formal background for the love of the boogie-woogie beat and now pouring out that love in a time and place alien to his magical homeland.

Such a magnificent exchange between audience and performer is certainly rare, and such a perfect performance even rarer. Pour the bourbon and sip slowly.

Robert A. Hull



This month's Rock-a-ramas were written by Richard C. Walls, Richard Riegel, Michael Davis, and Dave DiMartino.

TOM GRUNING—Midnight Lullabye (Inner City):: The first impression of this debut is of a poor man's Tom Waits (is that redundant or what?) but the resemblance is superficial—Gruning is more of a straight ahead jazz singer than Waits, but a less compelling personality. His melodies and accompaniments aren't as slickly tough, which could be considered a plus, and his delivery, as befitting a Texan, is more folksy than desperate (Inspirational Rhyme: "Got a six day job in a shipping yard/Don't make much money, but I sure get tired"). Comparisons aside, a lot of it's just plain jive, but then that's the point, no? Still, he shouldn't have allowed the liner notes to say "He's not an oppressed minority or an alcoholic...Tom wants to make a living in his corduroys and not have to lift anything heavy." Failed irony's never won fair criticism. **R.C.W.**

THE LORDZ—You & Me Are Rockers (World Sound):: Remember way back when the Ramones were laying around Joey's moldy rumpus room, trying to master the chordal intricacies of the latest metallic wowsers, and they *couldn't*, so they decided to write their *own* carbona-not-glue blitzkrieg boppers? The rest is transcendent history, etc., right now let's dig Detroit's young Lordz, who positively *ache* to emulate the heroin & sportscars sonic thunderbolts their big-city brothers in the MC5 used to shoot out. But the Lordz are still rather raw draftees into the guitar army, and this debut LP comes out less slab metal than metallic-flavored powerpop, which manages to defy all the categories us critics keep foisting on you innocents. Shopping-mall agitprop master, at least, get this wonderful press clippings from their publicity kit: "The Lordz will entertain in a benefit concert at 2 p.m. on Halloween at the Sears wall by the fountain in the center of Livonia Mall. Donations will be accepted, with proceeds going to the Burned Children organization." My kinda band! (Yours, too, at P.O. Box 35378, Detroit, MI 48235) **R.R.**

ELLEN McILWAINE—Everybody Needs It (Blind Pig):: I wonder if it's coincidence that McIlwaine's first album in years is being released at the same time as the LP but that "other" slide-slingin' blues-rooted female vocalist, Bonnie Raitt. No matter; this disc cuts Raitt's formula-rock outing to pieces. Ellen's slide work on tunes like "Temptation Took Control" and "Come Sit Down And Tell Me" is positively nasty and her always-overpowering voice hasn't faded with time. But her ace-in-the-hole is Jack Bruce, whose bass playing on "Danger Zone' and "Hang On To A Dream" makes his recent work with Robin Trower sound lame in comparison. I don't know about everybody, but those of you who believe rock is more about rugged individualism than playlist politics might wanna check this out. **M.D.**

McCOY TYNER—13th House (Milestone):: Career overlap finds Tyner temporarily astride two labels (this one and Columbia) so that now the albums seem to come at ya every three months instead of every four. The theme of this chapter is big band, scrupulously arranged by Tyner, Jimmy Heath, and Slide Hampton, with worthy solo contribs from Hubert Laws and Ricky Ford. Completists, those who havn't gone broke yet, take note. **R.C.W.**

THE CALL (Mercury):: More or less the Novo Combo route here—seasoned musicians who didn't get (or want) their shot in past style wars, trying out the newer progressivisms—but the results are better realized on The Call's disc. Clenched-jaw, urban-melodrama-verging-on-paranoia, a la Talking Heads, but far icier and more detached music than David Byrne would ever allow his disciplined-to-funk urban soul to express. Strong guitar work predominates, there are an unusually (and admirably) large number of antiwar messages in the lyrics, and the Band's high-foreheaded Garth Hudson guests on sax and keyboards. No, I don't know what that last move means, either, but I do like the art deco subway cover. Shades of recommended. **R.R.**

DUKE JUPITER—1 (Coast to Coast):: Stillbirth city: these guys are so stereotypical of the soggy-70's country rock that defamed the decade that they're almost interesting in their virtuoso predictability. Main concerns of their flaccid boogies are the everlovin' road (goes on forever), picking up women (start with slim & blonde, but they always wind up bein' *dirty*, y'know?). and picking up more (slim & blonde) women. Drummer/vocalist David Corcoran, author of that instantly-immortal D.J. credo, "You've Gotta Love The Wrong Ones ('Til the right one comes along),, strikes me as the quintessential 70's-cuntreerock MAN, per his trickled-down-from-the-Eagles, eternal-happy-hour philosophy: neatly sprayed hair and a neatly trimmed mustache will excuse (nah, *justify*!) all the emotional failings a guy can lug off into that tequila sunset! **R.R.**

VARIOUS ARTISTS—Ballads By Four (Galaxy):: This is a companion piece to *Five Birds And A Monk* (Galaxy—rama-ed in Dec. '81 CREEM) with the well-oiled Galaxy rhythm section—Stanley Cowell, piano; John Heard or Cecil McBee, bass; the legendary Roy Haynes, drums—accompanying the following balladeering saxes and their chosen vehicles: Art Pepper/"Somewhere Over The Rainbow"—Pepper conversing otherwise hobnobbing with his brother wizards, John Klemmer/"God Bless The Child"—still berserk-ing but more faithful to the song's longing contours; Jimmy Griffin/"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"—soulful with a fat solo by McBee; and Joe Henderson/"Good Morning Heartache"—showing how exultant double-timing can still be poignant. Great stuff, all of it. **R.C.W.**

SCREAMING SNEAKERS—Marching Orders" (Screaming Sneakers EP):: This quartet's from Manhattan by way of Miami, which means few people out there have heard the word—but in the two or three years they've been together they've emerged from Blondie's shadow to out-popmusik *Parallel Lines* without a second thought. Lead vocalist Lisa Nash mixes sexy Lulu intonations with a hot 'n' bothered Lesley Gore on "I Can't Help It," and the band couldn't be better: sweet and loud simultaneously. There's more material just as good in the can—so where is it? Address inquiries to The Ratcage, 171 Avenue A, New York, NY, 10009, and they'll tell you. **D.D.**

TOM COSTER—T.C. (Fantasy):: A slick but amiable album by the ex-Santana keyboardist, mixing (looking for an) arena rock, fusion, soft metal, unwardly mobile mood music, acoustic jazz piano, semi-classical synthesizers...to these ears only the acoustic jazz piano sounds sincere but it's hard to dislike a big harmless piece of candy like this. And you thought critics never said nice things about facile, meaningless records... **R.C.W.**

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JOAN JETT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Clark 5's "Bits and Pieces." She resurrects "Victim Of Circumstance" from *Waiting For The Night* and dispenses with the metal riffriffs. "Run Away" is a fine pop melody. When Joan describes the type of sounds she enjoys she might well be describing the music she makes:

"That chant style, it's very effective, it's very powerful—it makes you feel as though you're in a gang and you're all singing. The English started it—maybe, maybe I'm wrong—because of the way the crowds shout at their soccer matches, and they started putting these chants into the music. That makes the music that much more exciting and you can sing along with it. Up-front drums, up-front bass, dancable. Anthem-y, that's the style I love. When I was 12, 13, 14, I really started getting into it. Like T-Rex, the first album I ever bought was *Electric Warrior*." Incidently, the same first album that Richard Barone of the Bongos bought.

When Joan was 12, 13, 14, she was living on the East Coast. When she was 15 she moved to Los Angeles (I asked her why she moved and it's the only question she dodges), which is where the Runaways were based. "I lived in the middle of West Hollywood right across the street from the Whiskey A Go Go, everybody hung at the Whiskey and before there was a good show everybody came and partied at my house; people were fans of the Runaways, they found out where I lived and it was no big hassle, it was fun, I knew a lot of Runaway fans. There was a closeness there, we'd sit and talk. I'm getting it in New York as well—where I can, out in Long Island. I can actually talk to people and they act quite surprised, they go 'Oh shit, she's not going to bite my head off.' I don't know where they got that idea."

"I'm bi-coastal. Mentally it's like L.A. is home and New York is home. I get resentful when I hear New Yorkers badmouthing L.A., saying they're phony people. I could be wrong but sometimes I feel people feel I deserted L.A., because I always used to be in L.A. bands. But the truth is there is more on the East Coast. If you're a working band, which the Runaways always were and the Blackhearts are, you're always on the road. In L.A., you can't travel here and there, it's too expensive. We didn't know what *did* happen *would* happen. How can you tell those things? We didn't know we'd go so high so fast."

Things are rosy and busy for 22-year-old Joan Jett. The long-awaited movie, a "B" flick original planned as a vehicle for the Runaways, *We're All Crazy Now*, will probably see the light of day ("It hasn't yet, but I'm sure it will as much as I don't want it to"), there's the tour of the States to be completed and the audiences are getting wilder and wilder, trips to Europe and Austrailia are in the cards, maybe even Japan—where the Runaways were one of the 5 most popular groups and greeted on their one trip there Beatlemania style.

Joan Jett's move from cult phenomenon to radio phenomenon is one of the happier twists of fate; after meeting her I find myself thinking of something English rock critic Julie Burchill (who canonized Joanie in *The Boy Looked At Johnny: The Obituary Of Rock And Roll*) once said: "Joan Jett is a nice girl." Very nice.

DEL SHANNON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

tional) live album (*Live In England*, 1973, U.A.), England was where he met the Beatles, and Brian Epstein. "He was always around, and he'd ask questions about America. He was so interested in capturing America." (Del had the first U.S. release of a Lennon-McCartney song, "From Me To You," June 1963). It was where he recorded an ill-fated LP with Andrew Oldham. It was where he had a role in director Richard Lester's feature film debut, *It's Trad, Dad*. "It was four hours of doing the same song, with all those hot lights. I said, 'What the hell am I doing here?'"

"What the hell am I doing here?" is the theme of Del Shannon's musical life. It's the wail of someone always on the outside, feeling alone and persecuted and pursued. The sound of "Stranger In Town," "I Go To Pieces" (a hit for Peter & Gordon), "Sister Isabelle" (the heartwarming tale of a guy whose girl leaves him to enter a convent). It's the bitterness of "Hats Off To Larry," "Little Town Flirt" and *Drop Down And Get Me*'s "Life Without You," "Liar" and "To Love Someone." And "Runaway."

"I was tired of doing the same old C, A minor, F and G sounds, which was like 'Blue Moon' a hundred times over with different words. One night, Max Crook, at the Hi-Lo Club in Battle Creek, played an A minor and G, and I said, 'I never heard such a great change.' I said, 'Follow me!' So I went right down the scale. Then I remembered a Hank Williams song called 'Kaw-Liga' where it went from minor to major, and I said, 'Kick into A major! I'm a walkin' in...'"

"Runaway," one of Shannon's dozen or so classic tracks, and one of rock's most enduring, mysterious singles, made the charts in March of 1961. That April, Shannon made his big city stage debut at the Brooklyn Paramount, on a bill hosted by Murray The "K" (who died on the same weekend that Shannon made his '82 return to New York). A 10-year-old kid from the Bronx was taken there, and 21 years later, he shows Shannon the program from that cavalcade of early 60's rock 'n' roll stars.

"This was my first show," Shannon says. "I was totally awed. Ray Peterson was buying shoes for 50 bucks a pair. I said, 'I'll never do that, 'cause this can't last forever.' I always thought that.

"They put me in a dressing room with Dion, and I stepped on his foot. I felt like I was back in Coopersville, that hometown I grew up in where everyone rejected me. I felt, 'Shit, I'm still an outcast and I got the number one song in the nation.' Dion, in the end, turned out to be a great friend. He said, 'Look at dose pants'—I had baggy pants—'Tell ya what I'll do, take ya cross da street...' I never heard a live person from New York talk.

"When I met John Lennon, I said, 'That's Dion reincarnated.' Because of the

way he came on. I felt a bit of an arrogance. Those kind of people scared me, because they always told you what they really thought."

"Here's a song I wrote for a girl who gave it to everybody in town but me."—D.S. introducing "Little Town Flirt," February 1982.

On stage, Del Shannon is so imposing—he's stocky and intense, like Renko on *Hill Street Blues*, that it's hard to imagine him being intimidated by anyone. He does 20 songs, *all* his hits, a Hank Williams tune, most of *Drop Down* (the material has 66% more urgency live), "Black Is Black," an ace encore of one of his greatest flops, "Move It On Over" (not the H. Williams/G. Thorogood song, although Thorogood is in the audience), and every song has that claaaannng. When the song calls for a falsetto jump, he plants his feet and lets it rip. It's still a cry that goes to the bone.

"I tried to do a song. 'Oh how happy you have made me.' I went to Nashville once, my friends got me off the plane—I was tootin' a little there with the booze—and they took me to the studio and I did 'Oh How Happy.' I would not release it. My voice doesn't fit it. My manager once said, 'You have a teardrop in your throat.' And that's what comes out."

HALL & OATES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

Here At The Office)

They saw it on a Japanese greatest hits package, liked it, and used it for a new run of the *Voices* album, "for the fans."

The Proliferation Of Two-Man Synth Bands In England...

"See, we were pioneers. We did that years ago," laughed John.

Rock Against Racism

Both had heard of a supposed boycott of their records by some black stations because white stations didn't play black crossover hits, but they weren't aware of anything definite at any station. Any sort of separation of music by race, conscious ot otherwise, was deplored. I pointed out that in Detroit black-oriented WGPR played "No Can Do" (as well as the B-52's and Tom Tom Club), which the white AOR stations wouldn't touch. Why—too soft? Soft is...mushy ballads sung by soprano male voices fronting supposedly "heavy" bands, played constantly on "white" AOR stations.

Pet Peeves

By judicious prying, I was able to discover that Daryl shared a view we hold around the office...that there is an incredible amount of D. Byrne product loose in the world, and what's the big deal about sounding like him, anyway. He did profess affection for the Tom Tom Club, and considered their charting position "a vindication." Daryl had been opining that the view of some in the "avant-garde" that to be commercial was by definition to mean a record was bad, was more or less bullshit. "The reason a lot of avant-garde music doesn't sell is because it stinks."

John Oates

If it seemed he didn't talk much during all of this, it's because (1) Daryl jumps the conversational gun and (2) John often finishes sentences for him. Hard to attribute quotes to *two different people at once*.

Gifts

In the interest of inter-magazine harmony, I hand over my unread copy of *Musician: Player & Listener* to Daryl, reasoning that I didn't like to read other people's stories before I wrote my own anyway, and besides, *he*'s on the cover and wants it more. I depart with a tropical flower, Daryl Hall & John Oates board a waiting bus to Lansing, they think, and the black parking lot attendant gets his autograph. Later, pushing a grocery cart in a local food mart, "You Make My Dreams Come True" comes on the store P.A., and I realize the absurdity of trying to sum up in a few words any theory on a band who've become as ubiquitous as vanilla yogurt. So I won't...

Best Single of '81-'82

"I Can't Go For That (No Can Do)," Al Green high notes and all.

X

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

when we're in there we're thinking, 'God, if we can do this now what about when we can get some money to work with.'

At this point, since we are talking about production, it seems appropriate to ask Ray Manzarek what first attracted him to X.

Manzarek: "Strength, power, poetry, drama, excitement, passion..."

John: "Silver sparkle."

Manzarek: "Brillance. I won't go so far as to say genius because they're sitting in the room with us, and we don't want to give them swollen heads. Other than that, not much. I went to see them at the Whiskey—actually I was going to see Levi and the Rockats and X was opening, and I was amazed. Phew!"

What do you see as your contribution to the band?

"Minimal. I just try to make it sound good and offer a few opinions and throw out a few ideas. Some ideas are used and some aren't."

John: "I think I can answer that better. His contribution to us is in attitude. Getting us to do the right things in the studio by keeping us moving forward. By after a good take, saying 'yeah, that was just fine, so let's do it again.' "

Manzarek: "See, people don't need to be criticized. Tell me what I do well. That's what people need. The real you is in what you do well, what your dream is.

"X is the new music, along with all the other new bands that are coming up. They have to get on to it. It's the music of the 80's."

☆☆☆

I've believed that for a while, and seeing X live again reconfirmed my belief. At one of three sold-out nights at L.A.'s Roxy, they put on a show as full of passion as any I"ve seen, a moving treat to watch.

Exene is a short, diminutive girl, who, if you met in normal circumstances, you would never imagine as a fiery dynamo onstage—but give her a stage and that's exactly what she becomes. Singing with X, Exene discovers a gracefulness, a sexual-

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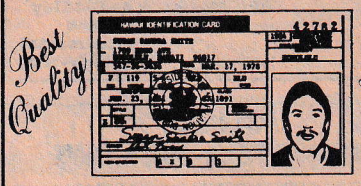

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ity and an energy within herself that seem to totally transform her.

John is also a great performer and a fantastic singer, his voice deep, full of emotion, nuance and caring. Then there's Billy Zoom, who stands statue-still the whole set, feet spread apart, tossing off cascading chords and short, intense bursts of notes with a sly, aw-shucks grin on his face.

This being a hometown gig, the crowd are of course in total pandemonium from the first note. The entire Roxy is a swaying, leaping, heaving mass of dancing bodies. When the set is over, band and audience alike seemed drained and happy.

L.A. definitely has X fever. I don't see any reason why the rest of the country shouldn't soon follow.

EXTENSION CHORDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

controls, a footage selector for changing octaves, pulse width modulation, full VCF, VCA and envelope generator controls, and a unique breath controller interface for modulating both the VCF and VCA with your breath. (Shades of Hendrix and the Kustom "talk bag"!) The CS01 also contains a built-in amplifier and speaker system, and it is the most expensive of the four components, at a retail cost of $249.95. Not bad for a synthesizer, folks. Total cost of the entire four-part package: only $514.80, plus tax.

Let's suppose that, in addition to the four-part package, we add in three more headphone amps and three more sets of headphones. This would cost $464.70, plus tax. Now there are a total of four MA10's, four MH10's, one MM10 and one CS01 synthesizer. (Grand total, $979.50; less than many new guitars cost these days).

Now, four headphones amps can be fed into the mixer; each performer can hear all others through his or her set of headphones. Each individual performer adjusts his or her own level using the Volume and Master Volume controls on the MA10 Headphone Amp. The guitar player can get the distortion he wants, and other instruments remain clear. The MM10 Input Volume controls are then used to balance the four sources, while the MM10 Master Volume sets the mixed output which is fed back to each headphone amp. The pan pots are centered so both the MM10 line output signals are identical, and each line out is split, via a Y adapter, in order to feed all four headphone amps. Finally, the Monitor Level controls on the headphone amps are used to adjust the level of the mixed program that returns to each of the headphone amps.

So here you have four people playing or singing at once, each one having control over individual tone and volume, all mixed together, balanced, and playing through four sets of headphones at once. Together they can learn to play and sing as a unit, with each member developing a clear sense of his or her individual role in the group, and a respect for the input of others.

The thing that I like most about the Producer Series, aside from the phenomonally low cost that makes it possible for many people to own such a system, is the fact that these components do *not* promise to "teach you instantly or your money back!" or some such nonsense. In an age when computers and sophisticated microprocessing circuitry make it possible for instruments to virtually play themselves, the Producer Series does just the opposite. It encourages *people* to play, and more importantly, to play together, not in isolation. These components won't play themselves; it is up to the musicians to do that. And that is how it must be if people are going to continue to make music that is new and exciting.

QUARTERFLASH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"We wanted a name a little more nebulous. We found the word 'Quarterflash' in a book of Australian folk phrases in John Boylan's library. It means 'one quarter flash and three parts foolish.' "

"We thought," says Marv, "that it fits rock 'n' roll rather well."

The rest of Quarterflash are Jack Charles on guitar and vocals (more vocals onstage than you hear on the album), Rick DiGiallonardo on keyboards, drummer Brian David Willis and bass player Rich Gooch, all from Portland and with the dubious honor of having once recorded for Andy Williams' label. Say Rindy and Marv in unison, this band is working far better than any they've ever been in before, and they've been in several, from "hippie rock bands" to folkie things where "you wore to a gig what you got up and put on that morning." Before they played music together but while they were still sweethearts, they'd be introducing each other to their very different tastes. About the heaviest Rindy ever went for was the Beatles, "but I was never a fanatic. I've never been the groupie type fan. I guess I'm basically shy. I've always liked popular music though, top 40 type stuff, radio songs." Her biggest influence as a singer was, no, not Pat Benatar, wash your mouth out. Not even Heart. "The one who influenced me most was Joni Mitchell more than anything else." While Marv was off listening to the Beatles and the Stones and going "wow," and borrowing his big sister's Motown albums and impersonating Jim Morrison in front of the mirror.

"We started influencing each other," says Rindy. "The rock 'n' roll end of Marv rubbed off on me, and the folk part of me rubbed off on him, so eventually there was a meeting ground."

"We influenced each other a lot," Marv confirms, "because I was really into the Doors and the Stones and Rindy was bringing me records by Joni Mitchell and Bob Dylan and saying 'listen to these lyrics.' It really opened my eyes to lyric writing as something that could go beyond the stuff that I was listening to. Sure, I hung around with the bad boys, the guys that cruised in cars and drove around. That was part of my life. But there was another part—I was very studious, school was something that I got things out of, and there was a side of me more in tune with what Rindy was doing."

Somewhere along the line, Rindy picked up her dad's alto sax and taught herself to

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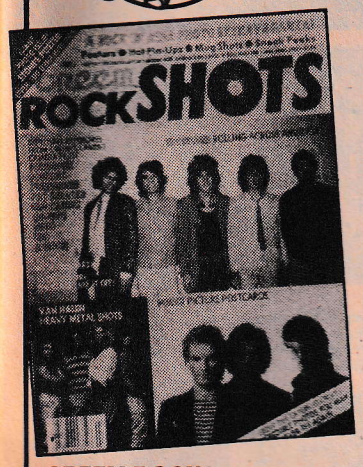

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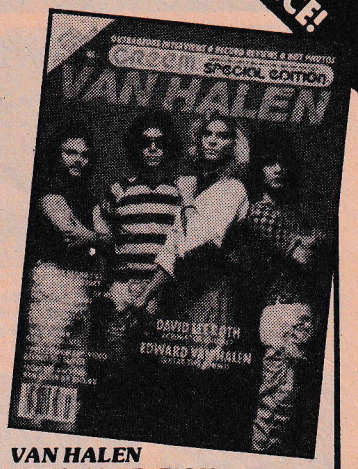

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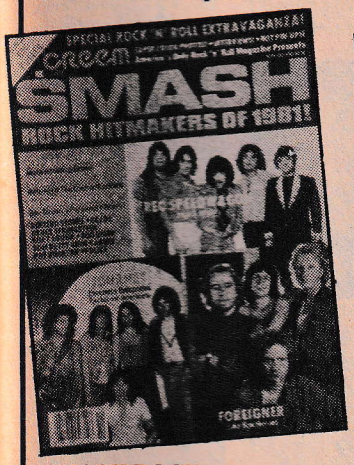

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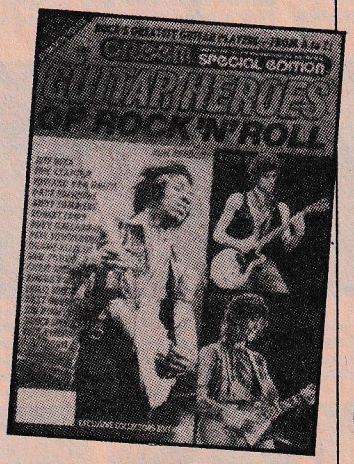

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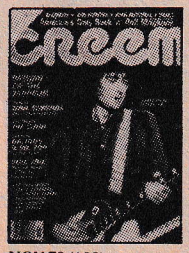

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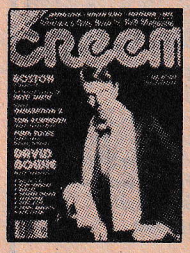

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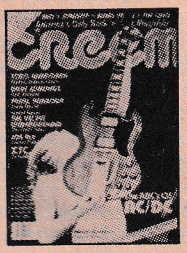

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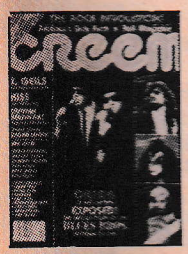

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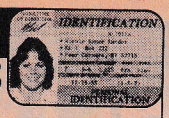

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play, so she wouldn't have to do a Stevie Nicks and "Bang a tambourine on my butt during instrumental breaks—I'm not very good at that." And add a touch of harmony—"the school choir syndrome thing, which was actually very important to me"—and you have what apparently the majority of Americans would like to have on their turntables.

"The album's real consistent," Marv gives as a reason for its huge success. "There's no throwaway material. And when people are now spending nine dollars for an album, I think that's important. And it does have some rock 'n' roll excitement"—Marv's first rock 'n' roll excitement was seeing Guy Mitchell at the state fair "and he unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it right off and sang. It shocked the hell out of my parents."

"He was deeply affected by that experience," his loyal wife confides. "I've been," Marv confesses, "wholesome ever since."

CONSUMER GUIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

(recorded in downhome Hempstead, Long Island) have a grace and lightness that for once show off the advantages of folkie roots, as does the new stuff on side two. Emmylou fills her appointed role, N.D. II keeps things moving smartly, and a good time is had by all. **B+**

PHASES OF THE MOON: TRADITIONAL CHINESE MUSIC" (Columbia):: Blessed with neither roots nor technical insight, I come to this 58-minute collection of 11 subtle, surprising instrumental pieces—most of folk origin, though three are postrevolutionary and one "a treasure of Chinese classical music"—as a sublime novelty record. That is, I get off on its strangeness, and why not? Though the mood is quiet the total effect is far from ambient, not just because things do get loud at times but because most of these melodies are instantly arresting. They don't repeat as insistently as Western folk tunes do, either. At times I wonder if I'm back in sixth grade memorizing "Minuet In G" and "Hall Of The Mountain King" for Mrs. Tully, and I find that the thing can grate if I start playing it two or three times a day. But why do I keep putting it on? What a trip. **A**

THE PISTONS: Flight 581" (Twin/Tone):: There's nothing especially forbidding or avant about these six Minneapolis boys, but chances are they'll never get to Milwaukee, and not for lack of talent, though they could use a singer. It's just that they're obviously in it for the art. This is generic rock 'n' roll for the sheer formal pleasure of it—now pop, now punk, now Stones, now nice, now nasty, usually nasty. **B+**

THE REPLACEMENTS: "Sorry, Ma, Forgot To Take Out The Trash" (Twin/Tone) ::This not-quite-hardcore Twin Cities quartet sound like the Heartbreakers might have if they'd started young and never seen Union Square: noisy, disgruntled, lovable. I mean, with liner notes like "this could have come close to rock-a-billy if we had taken the time," "stole a mess of these words from a guy who's never gonna listen to this record," and "written 20 mins after we recorded it," how bad could they be? Yeah, I know, pretty bad, and anyway, how good could they be? Hearing is believing. Inspirational Verse: "I hate music/It's got too many notes." **B+**

THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA: Hooked On Classics" (RCA Victor):: I always knew English art-rock would be good for something eventually, and *voila*—on one disc the Phils have woven together (well, maybe "strung" *would* be more accurate) no less than 103 melodies that have stood the test of time, every one a milestone of European culture. At long last the three Bs get to roll back over on Chuck Berry—there are more catchy tunes here than on a Beatle Weekend. And though I admit that the segue from "Stranger In Paradise" to "Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh!" is a little abrupt for my tastes, I figure that's the kind of avant-garde *epatement* that's always made modern art so exciting. Who's in that rhythm section?! Are you listening, Glenn Branca?! **B**

SKYY: Skyyline" (Salsoul):: This is catchy and functionaly, but the funny voices don't know any good jokes and the lady who sings the hit is about to fuck over her girlfriend. In short, beyond the reggae and the kazoos it's neither adventurous nor ingratiating—just catchy and functional. **B-**

SWOLLEN MONKEYS: The Afterbirth Of The Cool" (Cachalot):: I've been a fan of the irrepressible Ralph Carney since Tin Huey, but he doesn't have a bandleader's sense of purpose. Moderately entertaining on stage with its four or five horns and almost as many clever lyrics, this polka-to-salsa "world rhythms" outfit comes perilously close to mess on record, wher you can't see how unpretentious their hijinx are. If sidemen are gonna goof around, better they should be smart, nice sidemen. But not that much better. **B-**

HUEY LEWIS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and the News had a manager, Bob Brown (successful manager of Pablo Cruise) and a record deal with Chrysalis. Two years later and they've got a hit too. "We're such good friends it's really ridiculous," says Huey of his band, which includes Sean Hopper, keyboards; Bill Gibson, drums; Mario Cipollina, bass and Chris and Johnny on guitars. "To me, that is really the fun of it. To have you and your five mates against the world. It's great!"

Through the News are a potent, poppish rock unit, it's Huey who really gives the band its appeal. He has that rare ability to stamp every song he sings with his affable personality. "I don't mind being the good guy," says Huey, who sings like a younger, not-so-grizzled Bob Seger. "I think it's good that the personality comes across. I mean, I really object to faceless rock. I'm not very vehemently opposed to much, but I don't think that's what rock 'n' roll is supposed to be all about. Rock 'n' roll is *supposed* to be about personality. That's what it started out being."

Picture This, the News' second LP, is mostly an album of love songs. One of the exceptions is the Springsteen-influenced "The Only One," a melodramatic tale about what happened to the coolest guy in Huey's junior high school class. "He was always the toughest kid, but never meant no harm," Huey sings. "He and little Janey, together they were the king and queen." But next verse: "Three years later at the bus stop...he looked smaller and real wasted, as he bummed a cigarette/And I asked him what he'd been doing/And how's little Janey anyway/It seems he got drunk and they had a fight/They came

and took him away." Then a flashback: "I can still see him standing there/Just like yesterday/Leaning on his '56 and giving his secrets away/Is it any wonder/I feel a little lonely/He's not just the only one/He's the one and only!"

Sipping coffee from a ceramic mug, Huey kicks his feet up onto the coffee table and takes his eyes off the basketball game. "That's a true story about a kid we grew up with in junior high in Mill Valley. He was the coolest guy in our junior high school. And then I went away to school and four years later he was a wino. And a few years later I read he was an alcoholic and he wandered out onto the freeway and got hit by a car and died. It was a sad thing.

"He was *totally* the coolest guy. When we were afraid to hang out with girls cause you didn't want to be seen with girls, even though you had a crush on one, he was there with his girlfriend arm-in-arm. He was a man at age 13. You didn't realize you were learning from him, but he was our role model."

"I think he came from a broken home and he had to grow up real fast. And he peaked too soon. I don't know. The song essentially asks that question."

Huey Lewis doesn't spend much time contemplating the act of fate that has made him a successful rocker. He's too busy enjoying the rock 'n' roll life. "It certainly beats working for a living. You get to live like a teenager, essentially, when you're not."

Won't that get old?

Huey laughs. "I think so, but it ain't old now! My manger says to me, 'You're an entertainer.' I said, 'I want to rock 'n' roll for a while first!' "

The phone rings. Huey answers it. "Hey man, your name will be on the guest list tonight. What? You'd rather see Gladys Knight and the Pips than Huey Lewis and the News?" He pauses for just a second. Then that grin appears. "Me too!"

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

the Pretenders, Lene Lovich, etc.) for having the guts to be different and for attempting to change the face of contemporary rock by developing new musical forms. I, too, detest mainstream rock and the utterly superficial lifestyle it implies. It is the lowest and most loathsome manifestation of a potentially interesting and useful art form.

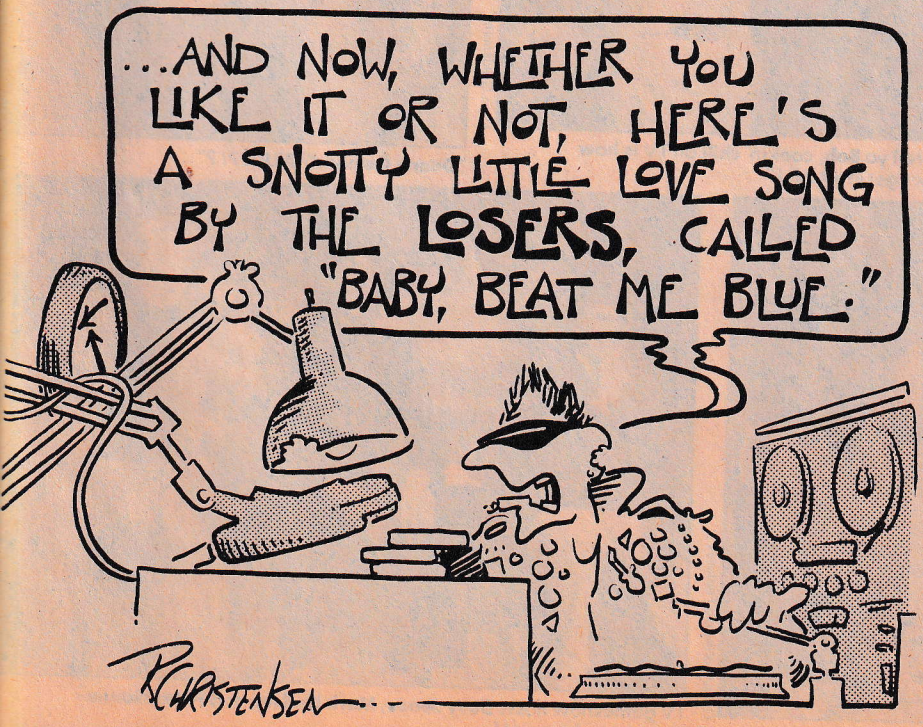
4. I think this whole Led Zeppelin vs. Clash thing is irrelevant and nonexistent in the real world. And anyway, Clash fanatics are flogging a dead horse. Zep has been dead since 1972. The war was started by a few people who misunderstood both bands, and was nurtured and encouraged by the rock press for reasons known only to itself. (One Detroit AOR station even has "rock wars" as a nightly feature—"Black Sabbath vs. Molly Hatchet," "Journey vs. the Beatles" and other such nonsensical, nonexistent battles. Fortunately, a "Clash vs. Led Zeppelin" war is unfeasible for this mainstream FM station, due to the fact that the Clash isn't on their playlist.

5. My favorite pieces are: *Low* (Bowie), *Lark's Tongues In Aspic* (King Crimson). *Kontakte* (Stockhausen), "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (J.S. Bach). *Persian Surgery Dervishes* (Terry Riley), *Odyshape* (the Raincoats), *Fun House* (the Stooges), *Unbehagen* (Nina Hagen), *Deserts* (Varese), *The Man Who Sold The World* (Bowie), Beethoven's "5th," *The Madcap Laughs* (R.K. Barrett), *Mad Shadows* (Mott The Hoople), *Black Sabbath, Church Of Anthrax* (John Cale), *No Pussyfooting* (Fripp & Eno), *A Farewell To Kings* (Rush), *Whatever Happened To SLADE?* and *Red Sky* (Tetragrammaton).

Well? Have you figured it out yet? (The thought has crossed my mind that I could say I'm bald, but I've decided to tell the truth like a good little boy.) My hair?...Down to my waist, man, *down-to-my-waist!*

the Deacon
Dee-troit, MI

(Tonight Geddy Lee sleeps easier. —Ed.)



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Spandau Ballet "eventually" hope to get their act together!!

Andrea Laubach

"Now that I know how to *do* it," sobs **Ellen F.**, "I don't *wanna*!!"

Lynn Goldsmith

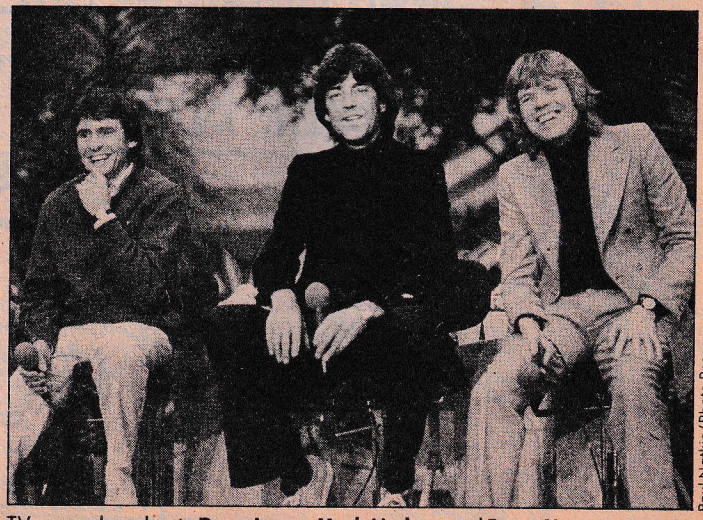
"I tell ya **Bob**, cookin' chili on TV is how *Burt* got started!!"

Chris Walter

"**Donny Osmond**? *NUDE?!?*"

Goro/California Features

"We go for *tiny* men!!" chirp the **Van Halen** sisters!!



Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

TV gameshow hosts **Davy Jones**, **Mark Lindsay** and **Peter Noone** were once *famous*!!